Westminster Abbey
and
The Cathedrals of England

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Farrar, Milman, Stanley
and Others

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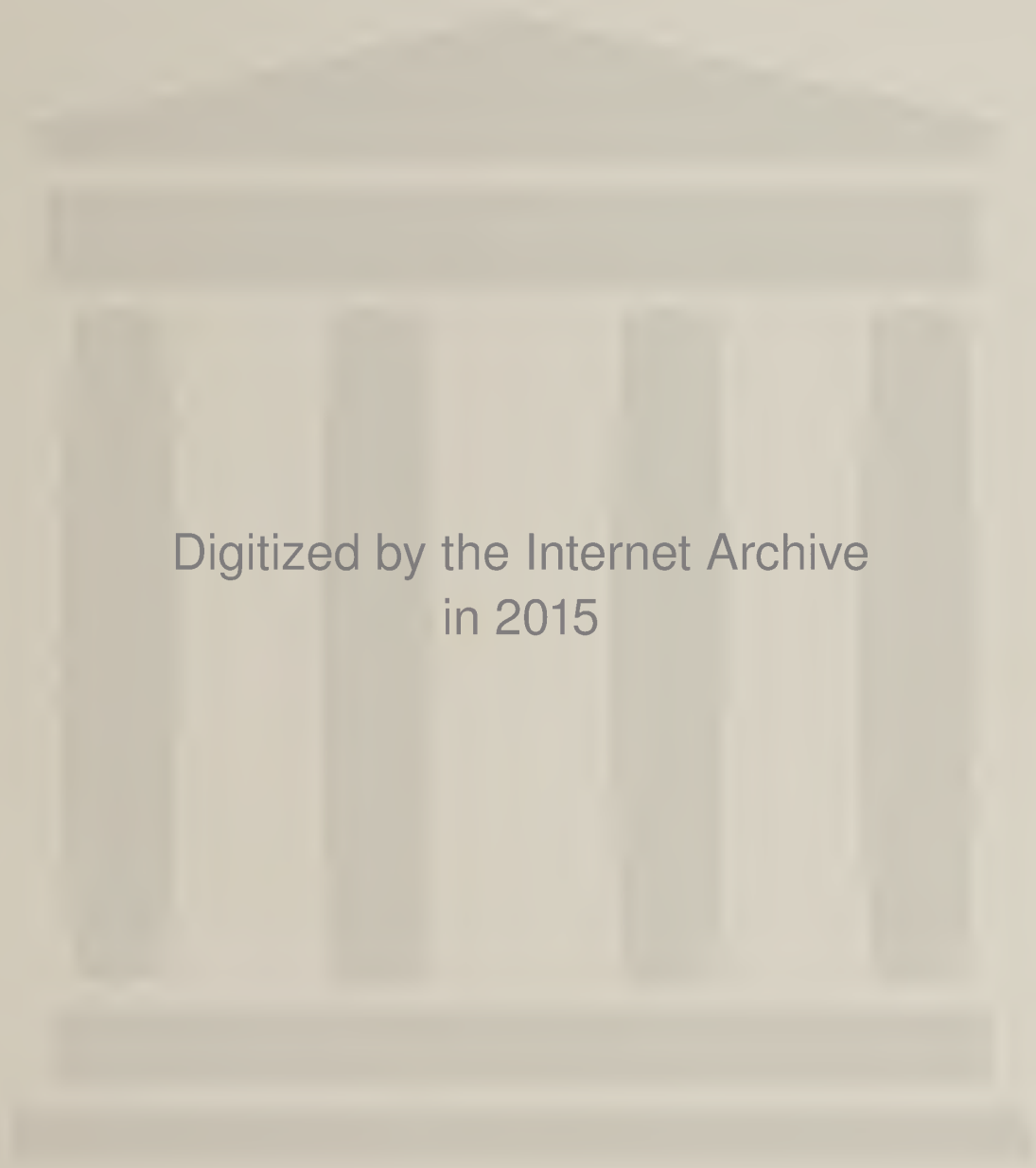
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Westminster Abbey

and

The Cathedrals of England

by

Deans Farrar, Milman, Stanley

and others

With Views of the Cathedrals and Portraits of the Dignitaries

Philadelphia
John C. Winston & Co.
1895

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE large number of books that have been published describing the Cathedrals of England indicate the rich and varied interest in them, both religious and secular. This general interest and the perfection to which the art of photography has been advanced, in making views, and in reproducing them for the purpose of illustration, suggest this additional book picturing these monuments of the past.

In the history of these cathedrals, all of the Anglican race are interested, for to whatever branch of the Christian Church we may belong, we have an inherited claim to the parentage of the early English Church. We can easily understand the pride which all Englishmen take in these historic possessions. Each summer finds increasing numbers of Americans strolling through the cool, lofty aisles of these cathedrals, and enjoying the peaceful atmosphere which generally pervades English cathedral towns. Next to the advantage—as Dean Stanley says—of seeing the place where a great event happened—the picture, statue, and tomb of an illustrious man—is seeing the exact reproduction supplied by photographs. A full collection of views takes the place, to a great extent, of a visit to the locality.

The cathedral architecture, full of Christian signification, grew to its high state of perfection from the religious enthusiasm of devout Christians, in the rural parts of England, during her primitive state; and many centuries after, their labours still have their influence in centres of densely populated communities, and are, to the present day, the best models of our church architecture. The high pointed naves of a cathedral, the gracefully shaped mouldings and richly flowered detail naturally suggest the high vaulted arches and interlacing limbs and foliage of our great American forests. Architecture in our country was developed under circumstances totally different. It was primarily influenced by considerations of economy and mercantile interests; in all stages of advancement, from the Western settler, covering his log cabin with the tin from his provision cans, to the fifteen-storied office buildings of the capitalist. So many, who are not students of architecture, seem to regard mere novelty as a beauty, that attention is called to the above facts for the consideration of those who may not fully appreciate the influence surroundings have upon those who create works of art.

In selecting illustrations for this work, the idea has been to give as complete a collection of a variety of subjects as possible, rather than to give corresponding views of each cathedral. In this way the special features of each cathedral can be presented, in place of duplicating several very similar subjects. Durham's massive Norman nave, Salisbury's uniform nave of the pointed period, with Westminster's decorated choir, Canterbury's choir of several ages, and St. Paul's modern renaissance interior, are sufficient to illustrate the general effect inside of all the cathedrals. For this reason the cathedrals in the latter part of the book, even though the text does not refer to each photograph, have been more fully illustrated as to their own peculiar beauties: York's vast exterior façade and rood screen, Durham's commanding situation and ancient castle, Lincoln's elevated position, noble towers and bishop's palace, Winchester's reredos and picturesque precincts, Salisbury's spire, cloister and chapter-house, and Chester's richly carved stalls.

The text used in the descriptions of the cathedrals has been, in several cases, taken from exhaustive writings upon the subject, but in collecting a condensed account for this book of illustrations, I should say, in deference to the various distinguished authors, that great care has been taken to eliminate nothing that would detract from the authors' original ideas. On the contrary, the effort has been to put together the best accounts with the finest illustrations.

As the tomb of St. Thomas at Canterbury was the objective point of so many travelers in the early days, both pious Saints on pilgrimages and casual travelers giving the same reason for an excursion, so now is Westminster Abbey the first object in England to which a large majority of Americans turn their faces. They are probably more familiar with the history of this church than with the history of any other building in England. Although it is not now a cathedral, Westminster is frequently thought of as such, because of its size and importance. From 1540 to 1550, however, a bishop's chair was erected at Westminster, by Henry VIII., making it for that time a cathedral. Revenues were sometimes taken by the King from St. Peter's (Westminster Abbey) and applied to St. Paul's, which gave rise to the saying, "Robbing Peter to pay Paul." Shakespeare is said to have passed the night in the "Cathedral of Westminster" while preparing the grave-diggers' scene in Hamlet. Westminster was centuries ago the honored place of burial, and it still so continues, although Sir Godfrey Kneller's ambition did not incline him toward a tomb there, for, said he, "It is there they do bury fools." Nelson, before his last battle, is said to have exclaimed, "Victory, or Westminster Abbey."

Wm. Ellis Scull.

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WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

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DEAN FARRAR AND BISHOP BROOKS.

SOME French author—I think it was Voltaire—said of the English that "they amuse themselves gloomily, according to the fashion of their nation." So far as the observation is true, the gloom comes from hurry. There are very few of us who have sufficient leisure from our occupations. We crowd each page of life up to the very edges, and leave no margin for beauty and convenience. It is, for instance, distressing to see the aimless and listless way in which multitudes of weary sight-seers wander through the enchanted rooms of the National Gallery. This is not their fault. It is no doubt mainly due to a lack of all training in the objects, the principles, the history of art. But it is also due to the fact that so many of them regard the National Gallery as a thing to be "done," so that when they are asked, "Have you seen the National Gallery?" they can say "Yes."

I am often distressed to see how less than nothing is the amount of real pleasure and advantage gained by multitudes of those who stroll about the Abbey in hundreds day after day, not knowing at what they ought to look, or what they

ought to see in it, or what is to be gained from seeing it. I once had the pleasure of conducting the genial American poet, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, round the Abbey for two hours, and when I left him he told me that he should always recollect those two hours spent there as among the most memorable in his life. But "the eye can only see what it brings with it the power of seeing." The outward impressions are as meaningless without the inward susceptibility, as colours to the blind or melodies to the deaf. To those who have neither eyes to see, nor knowledge to understand, nor sensibility to enjoy, a visit to the Abbey is too often

WESTMINSTER FROM THE HUNGERFORD BRIDGE.

a blank of dullness and disappointment. But what such a visit might be to a man of universal knowledge, unlimited interest, and complete sympathy, no one can understand; for no single person possesses or can possess the consummate culture which would be requisite for the reception of such full impressions.

Let me try to catalogue some of the varied regions of delight and interest.

First, there is the religious symbolism of the building. Its structure is by no means accidental. Down to the minutest particulars it is "a theology in stone." Its prevalent number is three—triple height, triple length, triple breadth—to remind us of the doctrine of the Trinity. Its other predominant numbers are *four*—the

number of earthly perfectness, the signature of the world, and of divine revelation; and *seven*—the signature of the covenant, and of the seven spirits of God, and of the seven pillars of the House of Wisdom. Its structure is cruciform, to remind us of the Atonement. Even the geometrical designs which lie at the base of its ground plan are combinations of the triangle, the circle, and the oval—the symbols of the Trinity, of eternity, and of the saintly aureole.

MONUMENT TO SHAKESPEARE.

Then there is the scientific and architectural interest. To the intelligent architect the Abbey, with all its exquisite proportions, becomes a sort of epic in stone. He tooks with delight on all the details of its ornamentation; he easily observes where the work of Edward I. joins on to that of Henry III., and that of Richard II. to that of Edward I., and that of Henry V. to that of Richard II.; and he sees at once that the great Perpendicular west window belongs to the age of Henry VII., and the days of Abbot Islip. He looks with delight on the minute varying details of arch and moulding, and window tracery, and wall-surface decoration, and he traces in these variations the character and tendencies of the ages to which they belong. I once went over the whole Abbey with the late Sir Gilbert Scott, and he had fifty things to point out which no ordinary observer would have thought of noticing. To enter fully into them we should require the training and insight of such a man as he, or as Sir Christopher Wren, or Mr. Ruskin.

Then, thirdly, there is the poetic and emotional sentiment. To realise that

adequately we must have the mind and emotions of the poet, such as Wordsworth, when he says in his famous sonnet,—

> "They dreamt not of a perishable home
> Who thus could build! Be mine, in hours of fear
> Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here,
> Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam;
> Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
> Melts, if it cross the threshold; where the wreath
> Of awe-struck wisdom droops."

To enter into this we should require to feel as a Shakespeare or a Milton felt.

SHRINE OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

But, fourthly, a great sculptor might again be chiefly interested by the artistic creations which meet him on every side.

Then, again, how much should we gain at every step and every turn by a thorough and masterly knowledge of History! How delightful an appreciation of this inexhaustible source of interest is shown by every allusion to the Abbey in the pages of Lord Macaulay! It was while he was standing under the bust of Warren Hastings that Dean Milman suggested to him the idea of his splendid essay on the great Proconsul: and his allusion to the effigy of Chatham is one of the best-known passages in his works. When we tread the pavement of the Abbey, not only is every step we take on holy ground, but also on classic ground. Here stood Shakespeare and Ben Jonson and Marlowe when they flung their pens and their verses upon the coffin of Spenser. Here Samuel Johnson leant in tears at the funeral of Oliver Goldsmith; here sat Charles I., all in ill-omened white satin, at his coronation; here little Prince Alfonso, son of Edward I., hung over the tomb of the Confessor the

WESTMINSTER ABBEY FROM DEAN'S YARD.

golden coronet of Llewellyn, Prince of Wales; here stood Henry VI., half-dazed, and marked for his grave the place where he was never destined to lie; here sat Queen Victoria on the day of her Jubilee. Who could enter into even half of such associations unless he had some of the knowledge of a Freeman or a Washington Irving?

Again, an antiquarian would find much to observe with pleasure which another man would pass over from want of knowledge.

And not to multiply too many illustrations, if a man be endowed with nothing more than the "picturesque sensibility" which was one of the charming characteristics of Dean Stanley, how much more vivid will be all his varied impressions, and how inexhaustible will be the power and the keenness of his interest! Dean Stanley, as I can testify from personal knowledge, seemed to find fresh delight and fresh instruction in the Abbey every day.

Now if a man takes with him but one of these elements of insight, knowledge, and sympathy, he gains much; but what would be his gain if he combined them all? Imagine a man who could visit the Abbey with the united gifts and feelings of a Wren, a Newman, a Wordsworth, a Scott, a Macaulay, a Flaxman, a Camden, a Stanley! Thousands of visitors carry with them from the Abbey little beyond the impression that it is a dull and dingy place, full of ugly tombs, of which many are to unknown or forgotten personages. Such visitors lose everything: but nearly every visitor loses something and even much. Our aim should be, even if we lose much, to gain at least something definite.

Multitudes are puzzled by the fact that a parish church should stand so close beside the stately Abbey, which dwarfs into insignificance its smaller, yet not insignificant, proportions. We are often told that the mediæval builders, in almost every cathedral city, delighted to erect smaller churches beside the huge masses of these minsters, to serve as a scale whereby to measure the size of the larger edifices. Certainly the result is effective. The would-be lovers of the picturesque who glibly talk about pulling down St. Margaret's to improve the view of the Abbey, talk ignorant nonsense. Many years ago a Government Committee, following all the best artistic advice of the age, decided that the aspect of the Abbey is in every sense improved by the vicinity of the smaller building. The frontispiece may help to show that, as Mr. Augustus Hare says, "the outline of the Abbey is beautifully varied and broken by St. Margaret's Church, which is not only deeply interesting in itself, but is invaluable as presenting the greater edifice alongside it in its true proportions."

But the church was originally built—as far back, certainly, as the days of the Confessor, and, perhaps even earlier—for the worship of the population. The Abbey was not intended for parochial services. Its choir was the daily chapel of the Benedictine monks. Its nave was not a place for worship, but was set apart

for great national and ecclesiastical processions. St. Margaret's is the most ancient, and was at one time the only, church west of Temple Bar.

Let us pause before the exterior of the east end of Henry VII.'s Chapel, with the end of the south transept, one of the flying buttresses, and a corner of the Chapter House, projecting behind the private house of one of the Minor Canons. The name, "Henry VII.'s Chapel," has entirely superseded the name of "Lady Chapel." In mediæval minsters the chapel at the east end was invariably dedicated to the Virgin Mary, who was commonly referred to as "Our Lady." The position of the chapel, in the symbolism which ran through the minutest

Chapter-House. *North Transept.*

HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL.

details of these sacred buildings, was meant to indicate the Virgin standing beside the Cross, during the Crucifixion. But just as the gorgeous chapel at Windsor was known as "Wolsey's," and now as the "Prince Consort's Chapel," so the splendid and lavish expenditure of the first Tudor king on this memorial, intended to enshrine his tomb, has connected it permanently with his name. It is perhaps the loveliest specimen of richly decorated Perpendicular architecture in the world. The reader cannot fail to observe the exquisitely delicate lace-work of its ornamentation. It still retains its charm in spite of the deadly fumes which we suffer to be poured in volumes into the air of London from the neighbouring

potteries and other works; but when it came fresh from the sculptor's hands, and before it was densely begrimed by the ever-accumulating soot of centuries, it must have been a vision of perfect beauty. This scene is called "Poets' Corner," because it leads to the entrance into the south transept, where the poets lie buried. Just as the remains of the sainted Confessor attracted round them the dust of so many kings and queens, so the grave of Chaucer acted as a magnet to draw into its neighbourhood the memorials of Drayton, Ben Jonson, Spenser, Shakespeare,

ENTRANCE TO JERUSALEM CHAMBER.

Milton, Gray, Addison, and many more, including the great Victorians, Robert Browning and Alfred Tennyson.

The Chapter House is visited by comparatively few of the myriads who come to the Abbey; but those who know what to look for may well linger for some time in this deeply interesting building. The splendor and loveliness of the entrance to it show the important place which it held in the general estimation. The stones under the left arcade of the vestibule are still deeply worn by the feet of generations of monks, as they walked two and two to their weekly assem-

blies. The vaulting and its bosses are quaint and rich. The quaint entrance door itself, bleared and ruined as it now is, was once rich with gold and scarlet.

Entering the Chapter House, we see at a glance an octagon of the noblest proportions, of which the roof is supported by a slender and graceful pillar of polished Purbeck, thirty-five feet high, "surrounded by eight subordinate shafts, attached to it by three moulded bands." The painted windows were placed there as a memorial to Dean Stanley. One was given by the Queen, and one by Americans. In the central light, at the summit of each, is represented the greatest man of each century—the Venerable Bede, St. Anselm, Roger Bacon, Chaucer, Caxton, and Shakespeare. In the window over the door is Queen Victoria. The central band of the windows represents many of the great historical events connected with the Abbey.

When the visitor stands in this glorious Chapter House, he stands on the spot round which centre some of the most important events in English history. The scenes here enacted may have been sufficiently exciting for the monks, when they confessed their sins to one another, or were accused and judged, and scourged in the sight of the community before that central pillar. But how far more memorable was the assembly when the Chapter House was set apart, before 1340, for the separate use of the House of Commons. The Speaker sat in the abbot's seat. Under this roof were passed such far-reaching Acts as the Statute of Provisors (1350) and the Statute of *Præmunire*, which "pared the Pope's nails to the quick, and then cut his fingers." Here Wolsey held his court as Cardinal Legate. Here the martyrs, Bilney and Barnes, were tried and sentenced to be burnt for their Protestant opinions. Here were passed the Act of Supremacy and the Act of Submission; and before that slender pillar was laid the Black Book of damning evidence against the monasteries, which led to their dissolution, and roused a cry of indignation from the listening senators. And here the House of Commons continued to sit till the last day of the reign of Henry VIII. In 1547, the first year of Edward VI., the Chapel of St. Stephen, in the Palace of Westminster, was prepared for the use of the Lower House, and the Chapter House, though it was no longer used for their debates, was still regarded as public property, and was turned into the Record Office, in which, for three centuries more, were kept Doomsday Book and all the other precious documents of the Kingdom. In 1865 it was happily restored from its condition of neglect and defacement by Sir Gilbert Scott.

We now pass into the south cloister—the one which is in a line with the entrance from Dean's Yard. This southern walk was the place in which, under the supervision of the "spies of the cloister," the Benedictine monks passed the greater part of the day—all that was not set apart for worship, labour, sleep, and

Deanery. *West Walk.*

CLOISTER COURT.

meals. Here, for centuries, they might have been seen in their long black tunics, with large-sleeved, black, upper frocks, and split cowls with pointed ends. Here they were shaved once a fortnight, and bled once a month. As he walks down the cloister let the visitor notice the ancient lockers which once contained the towels of the monks; the gravestone of the little nephews and nieces of John Wesley; the large flagstone ("Long Meg") under which lie the bodies of twenty-six monks, who, with their abbot, Byrcheston, were swept away by the disastrous plague of 1348.

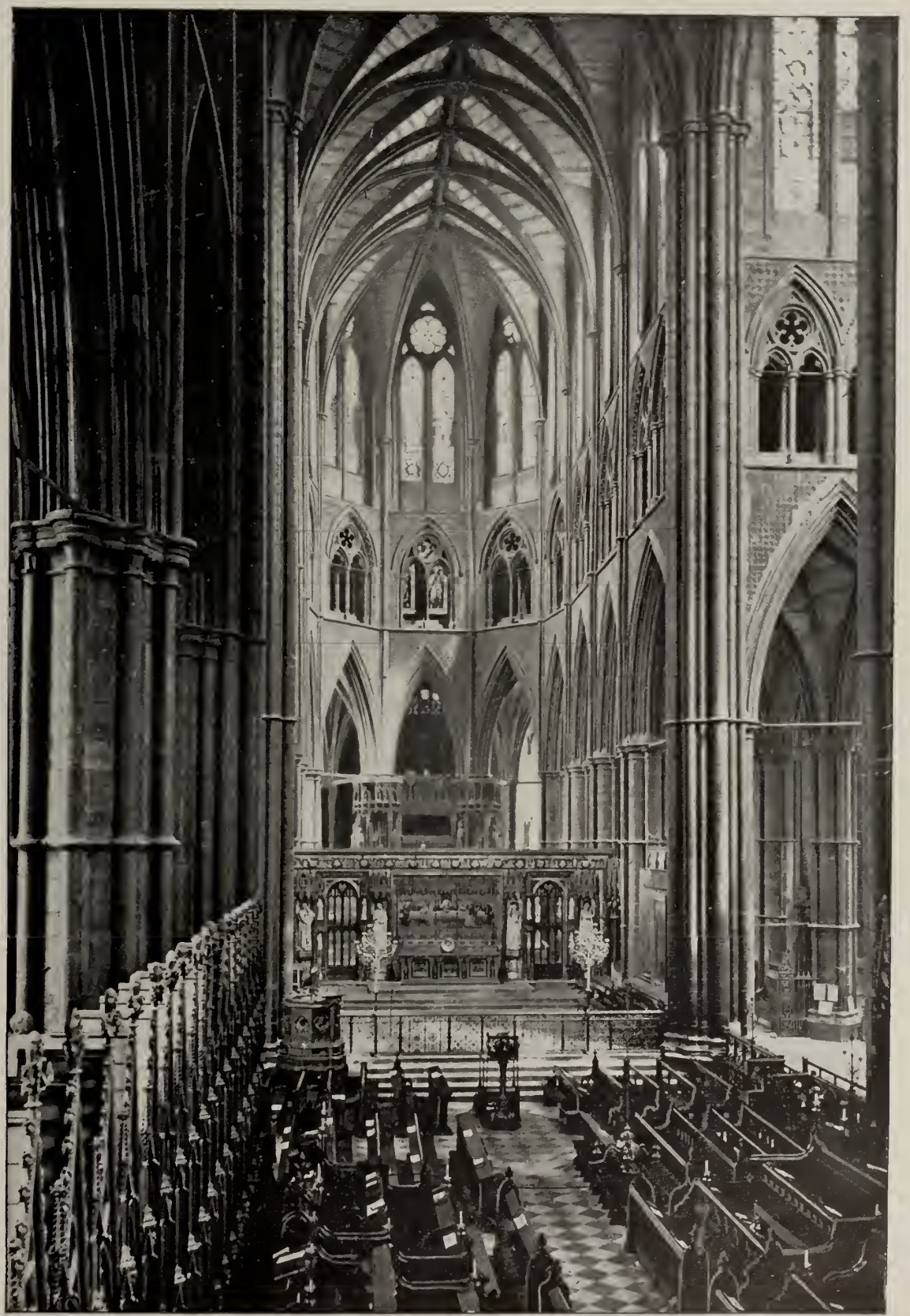
The West Walk—now so familiar to the scholars of Westminster School, who stand along it on Sundays, in their white surplices, to await and salute the Canon and Master as they enter the Abbey—was also built by Abbot Littlington, and was in old days the novices' school. For many a long year has it resounded with the murmurs of the boys as they sat conning their lessons, and sometimes, perhaps, with their cries, as they received the rough corporal punishment of past times. Their books were kept in two aumbreys, now obliterated by a square, hideous, pretentious tomb, erected to I know not whom. The holes which may still be seen here and there in the stone bench, sometimes arranged in nines, are a relic of the games at "*knockings in and out*," played by those boys of so many centuries ago. The building over the cloister is part of the modern Deanery, which was the palace of the former abbots. The green garth was pleasant to the eyes of the monks. It used, no doubt, to be bright with flowers, and sometimes a tame stork, or other domestic pet of the monastery, might have been seen wandering there. But, also, an open grave was always visible in the green space, and in that open grave each monk knew that his body would be placed if he happened to be the first to die. It was a perpetual *memento mori* to wean their thoughts from the worldliness which could penetrate too fatally even into the cloister precincts.

In a walk round the cloisters, the visitor may gain a notion of the whole life of a Benedictine monk in the Middle Ages. Passing through Dean's Yard, he is in the Sanctuary precincts, which contained their granary, mill, calberge, and guest-house. Entering the cloister he passes through the reception-parlour, where they met their relatives and visitors. Then he must imagine that the west cloister, to his left, is full of boys, who fill it with the busy murmur of their voices as they study under the stern rule of the master of the novices, though their eyes often wander to the petulant tame stork which is so fond of coming up to them for food and caresses. The cloister before him still contains the stone "lockers" where the monks kept their towels, close by the adjoining lavatory. Up and down this cloister walked its appointed guardian, who saw that the monks were silent and employed. Behind this wall ran their vast refectory, of which the windows, now filled up, may be seen from the oppo-

site side of the garth above the cloister leads. In the green garth sleep generations of monks who have passed away and been forgotten. In the east cloister are the entrances to the dorture and the Chapter House, and the part reserved for the lord abbot's Maundy service. The quadrangle is completed by the Scriptorium, full of monks diligently engaged in reading or in copying and illuminating manuscripts. The beautiful door at the end of the west cloister opened into the Abbey, and through it they often wended their way with solemn litanies. By the east door they usually entered for their seven daily and nightly services.

POETS' CORNER—HISTORICAL SIDE.

We now leave the cloisters, and enter the Abbey itself. Before us is the choir, the east end, with the *sacrarium*, or space in which stood the high altar. This was regarded as the most sacred part of the church. The choir was set apart for the daily seven services of the monks, which took place every three hours—lauds, prime, tierce, sext, nones, vespers, and compline. Only "the religious" were as a rule present in the choir. The front of the reredos, richly ornamented with statues, mosaic, and gems, is modern. The aspect of the choir, when it is filled with one of the great Sunday congregations, and all the clergy and the choir and the Westminster boys are there in their white surplices, is impressively beautiful.



CHOIR AND CONFESSOR'S CHAPEL—HENRY V.'S CHANTRY IN THE BACKGROUND.

And here I may refer to a fact which has always caused me surprise. It is that Westminster Abbey is scarcely ever the recipient of any voluntary offering. One such gift was spontaneously offered it more than twenty years ago. With a munificence and public spirit which is only too rare, Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, presented a fine stained-glass window to the Abbey in memory of the two religious poets, George Herbert and William Cowper; as he also presented a memorial fountain, in honour of Shakespeare, to the town of Stratford-on-Avon, and a window to St. Margaret's Church in memory of Milton. But with the exception of this one spontaneous gift, nothing has been offered to the

ALTAR AND REREDOS.

Abbey, so far as I am aware, either in living memory or for many previous years. In old days, indeed, the Abbey was very wealthy; but its immense revenues passed long ago into the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. It now possesses not a single acre of estates, and the annual sum devoted to its maintenance is so inadequate, that it has already been necessary to suppress one of its canonries in order to provide funds to prevent its actual fabric from crumbling to pieces. Barely able to maintain its daily staff, choir, and services, the Dean and Chapter are totally unable to provide additions to its splendour and beauty. Tens of thousands of pilgrims yearly visit it; the whole English-

speaking race expresses love and veneration for it as the shrine of all our great historic memories. Yet no one does anything to immortalise himself by its adornment, and during so long a time it has received but one voluntary offering, and that from an American!

We pass from the choir into the Chapel of the Confessor. The shrine of the founder, or patron saint, is frequently placed behind the *sacrarium*, as at St. Albans and at St. Thomas Cantelupe at Hereford. This shrine was the splendid work of an Italian artist, Peter of Rome, whom Henry III. employed in the lack of English artists of sufficient skill. Originally it blazed with colour, gilding, and mosaic, but it shows the defacing ravages of time during the six centuries which have passed since it was erected. It consists of three parts: (1.) The *feretrum*, or basement of stone, with arcaded recesses in which pilgrims might sit who were afflicted with diseases which they desired to cure by thrusting themselves as close as possible to the saintly relics. One of the stones at the north end of the shrine is hollowed out by the knees of innumerable pilgrims. (2.) The *theca, loculus*, or upper chest, which contains the body of the saint. (3.) The *co-opertorium*, cover, or lid, which might be lifted off to exhibit the coffin. The present cover is the only trace left in the Abbey by Feckenham, its last abbot; the only addition made to the ornamentation of the Abbey in the reign of Mary Tudor. It was once inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and looked sufficiently gorgeous, but, being of poor material, was probably only intended to be temporary.

The floor of the chapel was once inlaid in rich mosaic, which may still be partly seen on the space where now stands the coronation chair. It has been mostly worn away by the hurrying feet of generations. A lovely fragment of it, of a sort of tartan pattern, once adorned the grave of little Prince Alfonso, son of Edward I., who, on August 19, 1284, hung over the shrine the golden circlet of Llewellyn, Prince of Wales. It may be seen by uplifting the step under the chantry of Henry V.

It was the presence of the saintly Confessor and the desire to rest near his bones, which gathered into the little chapel the remains of Henry III., Edward I., Edward III., Richard II., Henry V., and of the Queen Edith, daughter of Earl Godwin, good Queen Maud, Eleanor of Castile, Philippa of Hainault, Anne of Bohemia, Katherine of Valois, and of many princes and princesses, including the once highly-honoured Thomas of Woodstock, whose treacherous murder is a serious blot on the character of his nephew, Richard II.

The tombs on the south are those of Edward I. and his queen. The chantry at the end is that of Henry V., the most splendid monument in the Abbey. Under it is the warped and ruined effigy of heart of oak, which

the passionate affection of the nation placed over the bones of its hero-king. Originally it was plated with silver, and had a head and regalia of silver, all of which had been stolen before the end of Henry VIII.'s reign. The chantry was built for the use of monks, who were to sing masses for the king's soul; and here, a few years ago, after curious and romantic fortunes, were re-buried the remains of the hero's queen, Katherine, daughter of Charles VI. of France. On the beam above are the helmet, shield, and saddlebow used by Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt. Such is the tradition of the Abbey; but antiquarians assert that this is a mere tilting helmet carried before the bier at the King's funeral, and *not* what Shakespeare calls

> "……the helm
> Which did affright the air at Agincourt."

CORONATION CHAIR, WITH STONE OF SCONE.

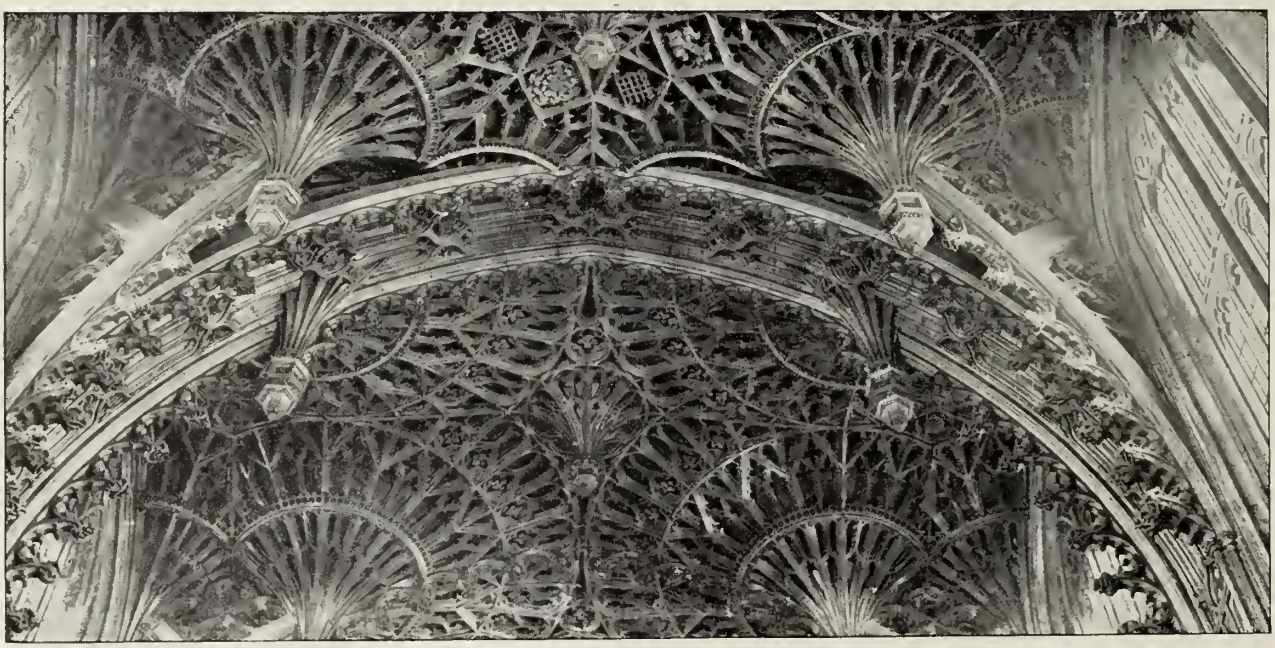
The massive and artistic iron gate was the work of a London smith in the ninth year of Henry VI.

We now pass into the south ambulatory. The word ambulatory is applied to the walks on either side of the choir and round the chapel of the Confessor. The tomb at the left is that of the great Plantagenet, Edward III. Its canopy is "of carved wood, with imitation vaulting, pinnacles, and buttresses."

In the north ambulatory are the tombs of Edward I. and Henry III. The tomb of Edward I. was always a very plain one; perhaps because he had ordered his son to carry his bones at the head of the army till Scotland was subdued. The tomb never had niche, or enamel, or colour, or effigy, but it was once covered with a painted canopy and protected by a fine piece of ironwork. These have disappeared, as well as the embroidered pall which probably once covered the unadorned monument of this warrior king.

The pictures on pages 32 and 35 show us the chapel raised for the reception of the Tudor king, Henry VII. Here stood the old Lady Chapel dedicated to the Virgin, which Henry destroyed in order to replace it by this sumptuous and lovely

building. Everything in this chapel is worthy of careful study. The bronze gates, once shining, now dim, are not only an exquisite specimen of a rare kind of work, but also illustrate the quiet yet intense determination of Henry VII. to put into the forefront every possible indication of his claims to the crown of England. The gate is ingeniously adorned with the falcon and fetterlock of the House of York; with the portcullis of the House of Lancaster; with a double Tudor rose; with the interwoven letters H. R.; with crowns surmounted by daisies, in allusion to the name of his mother, Margaret of Richmond; and besides all this, it is here and there decorated with a dragon, which is meant for the Red Dragon of Cadwallader, and was designed to hint that Henry's claim was strengthened by his supposed descent from that British king. Henry's ancestor, Owen Tudor, was



ROOF OF HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL.

pronounced by a Welsh commission of inquiry to be an undoubted lineal descendant of Brute, the Trojan, and of Æneas himself—a genealogy of forty-seven degrees, which they claim to have incontestably proved, and in which there was only one female! The fan tracery of the self-poised roof, which is also to be found at St. George's, Windsor, and in King's College Chapel, Cambridge, is never found in Continental architecture, but is the peculiar glory of the English style.

The choir stalls and *Miserere* seats are exquisitely and elaborately carved, but with designs which are sometimes grotesque and satirical. The niches which run round the walls once contained one hundred and seven stone figures, of which ninety-five remain. All these figures, except those of some philosophers, in the south-east bays, have been identified by the antiquarian knowledge and research

HENRY VII.'s CHAPEL.

of Mr. Micklethwaite. Some of them are exceedingly curious. One is to a saint who has been for ages forgotten. It is the fifth figure from the east in the south aisle, and represents a *bearded* woman leaning on a **T**-shaped cross. It is St. Wilgefortis, who was also known as St. Uncumber and Santa Liberada. She was apparently a saint only of the vulgar, and is ignored by Alban Butler and by Abbé Glaire. She used to be approached with an offering of oats by peasant couples who desired to be loosed from unhappy marriages; and the legend is that she prayed to be free from a match which was being forced upon her. Her prayer was granted, and the contract was ended by her growth, in one night, of a manly beard, as she is here represented. It is perhaps the only figure of her in England. We can but hope that Henry did not place her among his accustomed "avours or guardian saints" out of any uneasiness which he felt in his marriage with the fair and gentle Elizabeth of York.

The cost of the whole chapel was stupendous, and it shows that Henry VII., though accounted miserly, stopped short at no expense for the glorification of himself and his dynasty. The banners are those of the Knights of the Bath, of which this was constituted the chapel by George I. in 1725. The banner of George I. and of his grandson, Prince Frederick, are among them.

The magnificent tomb in front is that of the founder of the chapel, whose effigy—a marvel of delicate sculpture—lies beside that of his wife, Elizabeth of York. "He lieth at Westminster," said Lord Bacon, "in one of the stateliest and daintiest monuments of Europe, both for the chapel and the sepulchre. So that he dwelleth more richly dead in the monument of his tomb than he did alive in Richmond or in any of his palaces." The bronze "closure" round the tomb is the work of the fierce Florentine sculptor, Torregiano, who as a youth broke the nose of Michael Angelo with a blow of his mallet; who frightened Benvenuto Cellini from accepting his invitations to England by his "loud voice, and frowning eyebrows, and boasts of his feats among those beasts of Englishmen;" and who finally starved himself to death in a Spanish dungeon of the Inquisition, where he was imprisoned because in a fit of rage he had dashed to pieces his own fine statue of the Virgin, for which the Duke of Arcos, who had given him the commission, paid him insufficiently. It would require too much space to describe adequately this noble tomb. In front of it, behind the hanging chains, is the small altar-tomb of Edward VI., of which the delicate sculpture is also the work of Torregiano. It is a restoration, for, strange to say, the only tomb which the Puritans entirely destroyed in the Abbey was that of the only English king who was an absolute Puritan. This is easily accounted for when we recall that it was an altar-tomb, and was erected in the reign of Mary Tudor.

The end of the north aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel is known as "Inno-

cents' Corner," since only children lie buried there. The cradle tomb to the left is that of the Princess Sophia, an infant daughter of James I., who died in 1606, aged three days. The next is that of her sister, the Princess Mary, who died in 1607, at the age of two years, and whom her father describes as "a little royal rose prematurely plucked by death." The small sarcophagus in a recess of the east wall between these two tombs contains the bones of the two poor boys, Edward V. and his brother Richard, Duke of York. They were murdered in the Tower, by order of their uncle, Richard III., in 1483, and their bones were found in 1674 in a chest under a staircase in the Tower. As there could be no doubt that these were the bones of the two royal boys, Charles II. spared an infinitesimal sum from his gross and selfish extravagances to erect this paltry little memorial in their honour. The design is by Sir Christopher Wren.

The sculptured figures above will show the character of all the statues with which the chapel is surrounded, most of which are so high up that they cannot easily be examined. All the saints represented have been identified by their emblems. One is St. Lawrence with his gridiron, and one is a king with a book, which may be meant for St. Louis of France or King Henry VI., whose canonisation was, however, not completed, because Henry VII. grudged the large fees which the Pope demanded. One was long an enigma to the antiquaries. It represents a priest who is bearded, is vested for mass, and has a scapular pulled over his chasuble. But he appears also to be a soldier, for he wears iron gauntlets; and a student, for he carries a book; and a slayer of monsters, for his right hand holds a stole, which is twisted round the neck of a dragon. Mr. Micklethwaite, F. S. A., has now proved that this is an ideal figure—an "All-hallows," of which it is an almost unique example. It was the custom in mediæval churches to place at the east end an image of the patron saint. When a church was dedicated to All Saints, a figure was sometimes placed above the altar which represented the combined attributes of many saints; and this is the probable explanation of this curious composite figure.

HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL.

THE STATUARY.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY contains specimens of the sculpture of five and a half centuries, from the recumbent effigies of the Plantagenets to Sir E. Boehm's statue of the Earl of Shaftesbury, Mr. Gilbert's memorial of Mr. Forster, and the bust of the American poet, Longfellow. If we enter the cloisters we see still more ancient monuments in the South Cloister, where there are three effigies in low-relief of early abbots. The oldest is that of Abbot Vitalis, 1085. There is scarcely one English sculptor of any name who has not cumbered the Abbey with some sign of his incapacity or enriched it with some specimen of his skill. "Every virtue is personified in marble to excess. Figures of Fame are blowing trumpets. In this Christian church there are statues of Minerva, Neptune, Hercules, and other heathen deities; charity children are not omitted and, to complete the variety, there are not wanting negroes and Red Indians. There are also a number of statuettes of attendants, children, saints, or others, as weepers over the deceased." And, to complete the list, there are multitudes of dogs, lions, dragons, and other creatures, imaginary or real. Of the latter, few which are not heraldic deserve much notice. I cannot even admire the highly praised lions by Flaxman couched beside the pedestal of the statue of Captain Montague. Of the *artistic* merits and demerits, however, of these very numerous specimens of statuary I shall say but little. I shall speak mainly of the general inferences which we may draw from them, and then ask the reader to come with me and look at some of those which have a special interest.

One remarkable change in their general characteristics can hardly fail to strike us. The older monuments are religious, the latter ones are mundane.

Every one of the earlier tombs which commemorate the dead, whether in the form of effigies or of monumental brasses, represents them in the attitudes of death and prayer. "Two praying hands," says the Russian proverb, "and life is done."

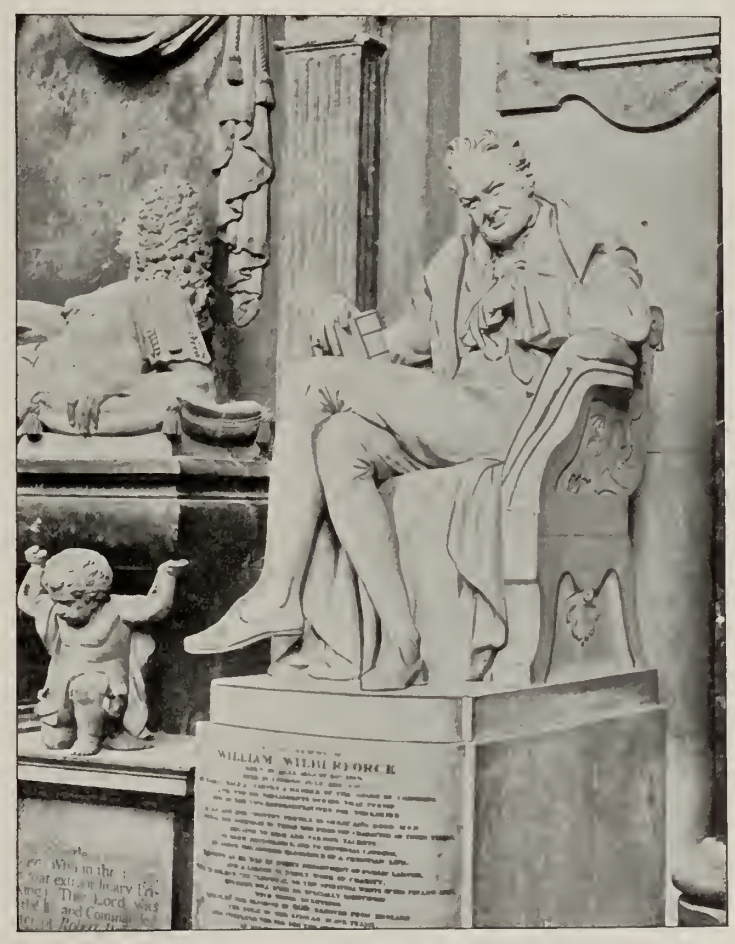
TOMB OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The Tudors, Henry VII., Elizabeth of York, and Queen Elizabeth—since whom no English king or queen has been honoured with a tomb—as well as Mary, Queen of Scots, Margaret of Lennox, and Margaret of Richmond, are all similarly represented. The later ones, it is true, sometimes hold a ball and sceptre, but all the earlier have the two hands folded as in prayer upon the breast. The thought of what life has been is not excluded. The kings sometimes wear their golden crowns; the knights and crusaders are clad in their hauberk and mail; the young Prince John of Eltham wears the coronet round his helmet; the ladies are clothed in the nun's dress—like Eleanor of Gloucester or Margaret of Richmond.

Dean Stanley and others have pointed out how gradual, but how decisive, was the change of sentiment which led to the exhibition on the tombs of the pride and self-assertion of life in lieu of the repose and helplessness of death.

"It was not in England alone," says Westmacott, "that the miserable decline in ecclesiastical sculpture was apparent." It is observable in Italy, in St. Peter's, even in the tombs of the Popes. The true spirit of religious art disappeared, and sculpture, like painting, became a mere theatre in which to parade the vain science of the living, and the empty self-satisfaction of the dead man or his survivors. These later tombs are so lacking in repose that some of them look "as though they had been tumbled out of a waggon on the top of a pyramid."

After the sixteenth century it no longer seems to be the object to teach us that man is a thing of nought, that his days pass like a shadow, that he is crushed before the moth, but rather to display, as though they were enduring and desirable, the prizes and the magnificence of life. The epitaphs are no longer brief and simple, but revel in the enumeration of titles and the eulogy of achievements. The dead man flourishes his sword, or displays his book, or looks about him for applause, while (in time) all sorts of allegorical figures point at him, and crown him, and naked cherubs shed over him their imaginary and hypocritic tears. The figures of the departed first rise to their knees, as on the tomb of Lord Burleigh; then stand erect, as on that of Sir George Holles; then sit in their easy-chairs, like Elizabeth Russell, or even loll therein, like Wilberforce.

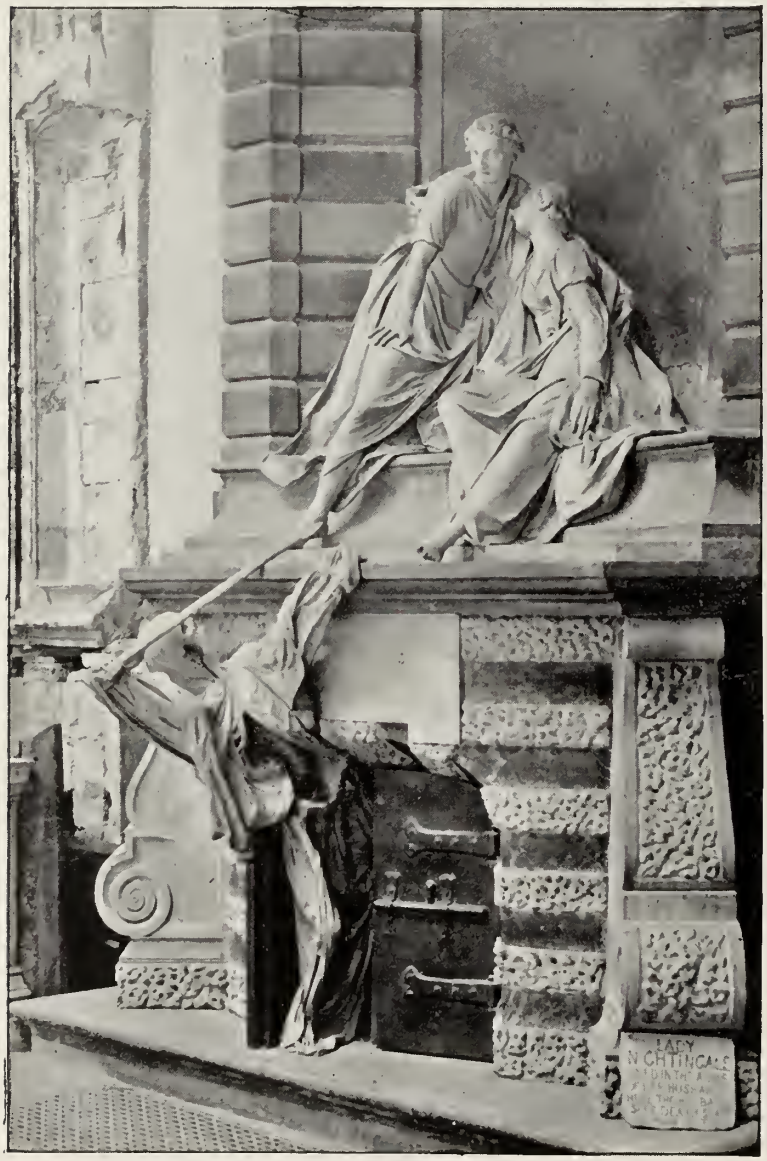


MONUMENT TO WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

Another wave of tendency which is most observable and significantly interesting is the different aspect in which death itself is regarded. The early tombs were like radiant phantoms, with blue and vermilion, and gold, and glass mosaic, and lustrous enamels, and floral sculpturings, and angels with outspread wings. In these death was not presented as a thing revolting and abhorrent, nor was any prominence given to the mere accidents of corruption and decay. The tombs of a later age become widely different. The skull and cross-bones—most futile, most conventional, most offensive of all "decorations"—appear for the first time on the unfinished tomb of Anne of Cleves. After that we get, with increasing frequency, the ridiculous multitudes of weeping children, and the females who sit under willows and clasp urns to their breast.*

* "The sum of a life expended, a pearl in a swine-trough cast,
A comedy played and ended—and what has it come to at last?
The dead face pressed on a pillow, the journey taken alone,
And *the tomb with an urn and a willow*, and a lie carved deep in the stone."—*G. J. Whyte-Melville.*

The attempt to force into prominence the fact that death is a thing for which to weep, and the angel of death a king of terrors, culminates in two tombs in the chapel of St. John the Evangelist. One—with the inscription *Lacrimis struxit amor* —is spotted all over with imaginary tear-drops, falling from an eye which is carved above it! The other is the famous tomb of Lady Elizabeth Nightingale, of which Burke disapproved, but which is usually regarded as Roubiliac's masterpiece, and which Wesley is said to have considered the finest monument in the Abbey, as showing "common sense among heaps of unmeaning stone and marble." Considered merely as sculpture, the contrasted figures of the dying wife and the startled, agonised husband are undeniably fine and skilful, but nothing can be more repellent or less like the feeling with which the early Christians regarded death, than the revolting skeleton who issues, with his javelin, from the dark tomb below.



TOMB OF LADY ELIZABETH NIGHTINGALE.

The Renaissance, when it had sunk to decadence, was accompanied by a gradual fading of the old religious ideals; but it left as sad a legacy in the history of monumental sculpture by what it introduced as by what it discarded. It was marked by sheer paganism, vapid allegory, ostentations science, pseudo-classicalism, insincere or affected religionism, and monstrous incongruities.

A few instances will illustrate the disastrous change.

Let the visitor walk, first, to the effigy of Margaret of Richmond, the gentle and noble mother of Henry VII., who died, practically as a nun, in the monastery of Barking. As a piece of sculpture it is very lovely. We seem to see the

royal lady lying before us in her simple religious dress, with her face emaciated by asceticism, and furrowed, as in life-time, with many a tear. The hands, folded in prayer, are delicately perfect. There is no pride or pomposity about this memorial of the ancestress of a line of mighty kings.

Walk from this monument to what remains of the vulgar and preposterous cenotaph to the now utterly forgotten Admiral Tyrrell, who died in 1766. It is in the south aisle of the nave—"a prodigious mass of rocks, clouds, sea, and ships." It almost blocked up an entire window with clouds like oyster shells, from which it received the name of "The Pancake." It is remarkable for the most ridiculous imitation of waves ever devised by man. History, Navigation, Hibernia are represented as semi-nude figures under the sea among the rocks; the latter is rapturously pointing to the spot on the terrestrial globe where the Admiral was born. The Admiral himself, nude, is—or rather *was*, for the figure is now removed—ascending out of the sea and soaring heavenwards, "looking for all the world," said Nollekens, "as if he were hanging from a gallows with a rope round his neck." We see the same "kicking gracefulness" on the tomb which represents the bald and semi-nude Kempenfeldt also soaring heavenwards.

Perhaps the earliest invasion of *paganism* into the monumental sculpture of our Christian minster is in the costly and pompous tomb raised by his widow to the Duke of Buckingham, the murdered favourite of Charles I. It is by Nicholas Stone. Here we have Fame "even bursting herself and her trumpets to tell the news of his so sudden fall;" and the pensive or weeping figures of Mars, Minerva, Neptune—and Beneficence! The juxtaposition reminds one of the four figures on the roof of the library at Trinity College, Cambridge, which as freshmen were told, stood for Faith, Hope, Charity, and—Geography!

Yet these obtrusive heathen symbols are hardly so *banales* as the vapid allegorical figures of the later tombs. An anecdote will show how meaningless the symbolism became. Banks was offered three hundred pounds to carve a monument for some provincial gentleman. "Who was he?" he asked. "Was he benevolent?" "Well, I don't know," said the visitor, "but he always gave sixpence to the old woman who opened the pew for him on Sunday." "That will do! that will do!" said the sculptor, "*we must have recourse to our friend the pelican!*" Rysbrach (d. 1770) and Scheemacker (d. 1769) are, as a rule, more sensible. The bas-relief of the former on the tomb of Sir Isaac Newton is full of ingenuity and charm. Chantrey is somewhat prosaic, but to him we owe the final abandonment of these foolish figures. Once, when another sculptor told Chantrey that he had been sculpturing a statue of Adam, Chantrey took snuff and looked up with the quick question, "Is it *like?*"

The difficulties presented to a sculptor by our modern dress may be con-

ceded, but nothing can defend the absurdity of representing Sir Robert Peel, as Gibson has done, in the toga of a Roman senator.

It is a matter of congratulation that the taste of modern times has returned to the tone of pre-Raphaelite days, and the effigies of Dean Stanley and Lord John Thynne are of the older and simpler type.

TOMB OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

There are some who have urged the sweeping away of many of the cumbersome monstrosities of the later centuries, and restoring something of the architectural beauty and symmetry which they in part deface. Dean Stanley ventured to take a few timid steps in this direction by pruning the luxuriance of the Tyrrell monument, and reducing the towering height of the one erected to Captain Cornewall. If an *annexe* to the Abbey existed I confess that I should like to place in it one or two of the huge structures which express the naval pride and exultation of the nation in the days of Howe and Rodney. They blot out many a fine vista, and take up a disproportionate amount of valuable space. I would also ruthlessly diminish the masses of marble placed behind some of the statues, those for instance, of General Stringer and Lord Chatham. But further than that I would not go.

The Abbey reflects the changes of every succeeding epoch. The very fact that it does so adds materially to its interest. Few things are more interesting than to trace back those changes to the deep-lying moral and spiritual facts in which they originated, and there is perhaps no building in the world where it is so easy to do this as it is in Westminster Abbey.

The Cannings. *Lord Beaconsfield.* *Robert Peel.*

EAST SIDE OF NORTH TRANSEPT.

THE EPITAPHS.

ISAAC WATTS.

AN epitaph, intended to be for years, perhaps for centuries, the sole remaining memorial of a person who has been in many cases honoured, and in most cases presumably beloved, is a composition which usually involves much care and consideration. Yet it is undeniable that nothing in the Abbey receives less attention than these inscriptions upon the tombs, though the tombs themselves are gazed upon with curiosity every year by hundreds of thousands of visitors; and this is the more strange because many of these inscriptions have been written by men who were selected for their eminence and literary skill.

One great cause for this neglect is to be found in the inordinate length of these too often pompous and needlessly verbose eulogies. That the epitaphs are invariably eulogistic was perhaps to be expected. "Where, then, do they bury the bad people?" asked a child, after reading in a cemetery the superhuman and exceptionless virtues of such a multitude of immaculate women and blameless men. There have been instances in which the record on the gravestone has been so notoriously belied by the memories of the life that we are not surprised at the line of the satirist—

"Believe a woman or an epitaph."

Perhaps the palmary instance of unconscious vanity and incongruity in this direction is found on the bust erected by Benson to Milton, in which we have one line about Milton and four or five about the small official magnificences of Benson. This curiosity should be given entire. It is—

"This bust of the Author of 'Paradise Lost' was placed here by William Benson, Esquire, one of the two Auditors of the Imprests to His Majesty King George II., formerly Surveyor-General of the works to H. M. King George I."

If the tombs of really great men were crowded with such facts their epitaphs would almost assume the proportions of biographies. The greatest men and women, as a rule, have the shortest epitaphs, and have been those who would care least about long ones.

Two words, *Carolus Magnus*, were enough for Karl the Great. We know that on the grave of Wordsworth, in Grasmere Churchyard, are only the two words "William Wordsworth." Keats wished nothing else carved on his tombstone than "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." On the fine bust of Dryden, raised to his memory by the Mæcenas of literature in his day, John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, the Duke knew that it was wholly unnecessary to add anything to the words, "John Dryden, born 1632, died May 1, 1700." Already on the tomb of Spenser had been inscribed the words—

"Here lies (expecting the second coming of our Saviour Christ Jesus) the body of Edmund Spenser, the Prince of Poets in his time, whose divine spirit needs no other witness than the works which he left behind him. He was born in London in 1553, and died in 1598."

The tombs and graves and busts of Samuel Johnson, David Garrick, Isaac Watts, George Grote, Charles Darwin, Robert Browning, Charles Dickens, and others, are marked only by their names and the dates of their birth and death. On the grave of Newton are the words, *Hic depositum est Isaaci Newtoni quod mortale fuit.*

On the cenotaph of Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras," J. Barber, Lord Mayor of London, placed the not unhappy turn of speech,

"Ne cui vivo deerant fere omnia
Deesset etiam mortuo tumulus."

The Abbey contains but two epitaphs by Lord Tennyson. One is on Sir Stratford de Redcliffe—

"Thou third great Canning, stand among our best
And noblest, now thy long day's work hath ceased,
Here silent in our Minster of the West,
Who wert the voice of England in the East."

The inscriptions on the tombs of later days show a marked increase of taste and common-sense. They are in many cases brief, striking, and essentially illustrative of the lives and characters of those whose memory they are intended to perpetuate. This was mainly due to the genial wisdom, wide reading, and literary taste of Dean Stanley, to whom all who love the Abbey owe an inestimable debt of gratitude. He made the epitaphs not only fitting memorials of the dead, but also to be, like the Hermæ at Athens, a source of instruction and moral ennoblement to all who read their lofty sentiments. Thus, under the bust of the first Lord Lawrence are inscribed the words spoken of him by a friend—"He feared

man so little because he feared God so much." On the cenotaph of John and Charles Wesley are carved three famous sayings of the founder of the Methodists—

"The best of all is, God is with us;"

which were the words repeated by him three times, with strange energy, as he lay on his death-bed.

"I look on the whole world as my Parish;"

words which he used as a defence of the evangelistic energy of his life; and

"God buries His workmen, but carries on His work."

In a grave where rested for a time the remains of the philanthropist, George Peabody, are inscribed his best-known words—

"I have prayed my Heavenly Father day by day that He would enable me to show my gratitude for the blessings which I have received by doing some great good for my fellow-men."

Again, on the grave of Livingstone, which is always a point of the deepest interest to all visitors of the Abbey, are recorded the last words he ever wrote—the words which he had written in his diary very shortly before he was found by his black followers dead upon his knees.

"All I can add in my solitude is, May Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world," *i. e.*, the slave trade.

Certainly the two epitaphs in the Abbey which, as epitaphs, are most famous and most frequently repeated are those on a great dramatist and an unknown little child. Every one reads with interest the well-known words,

"O Rare Ben Jonson,"

which a casual passer-by had engraved, at a cost of half-a-crown to the sexton, on the square stone under which the poet was buried upright. He has never needed any other memorial. In the cloister is a plain tablet to a little child of the humbler classes, who died in infancy in the year of revolution 1688. "In that eventful year of the Revolution," says Dean Stanley, "when Church and State were reeling to their foundation, this dear child found her quiet resting-place in the eastern cloister. The sigh over the prematurely ended life is petrified into

stone, and affects us the more deeply from the great events amidst which it is enshrined." There is no other inscription of all these hundreds which recalls the pathetic, exquisite simplicity of the epitaphs in the Catacombs, where the persecuted Christians of the first centuries rest in peace. It is simply,

"Here lyes
Jane Lister,
dear Childe."

On Dean Stanley's own altar-tomb of alabaster is an inscription such as

DEAN STANLEY'S ALTAR-TOMB.

he himself would have approved. It gives no pompous enumeration of titles and honours, but the date of his career, and the appropriate text—

"I know that all things come to an end;
But Thy commandments are exceeding broad."

I think that a visit to the Abbey may teach us two lessons, among many others, which we should all try to learn: namely, tolerance for opinions, and sympathy with men.

We should here learn to be tolerant of opinions which differ widely from our own. Here lie side by side a multitude of those who were equally good and great, yet who in their lifetime regarded each other as heinous heretics and

POETS' CORNER.

monstrous blasphemers. The dust of Romanist abbot sleeps side by side with the dust of Protestant dean, and the great Elizabeth, true queen of the Reformation, shares the same quiet tomb with the Papist Mary, as they each experienced the trials of the same uneasy throne. Sir Walter Scott, recalling that the great rivals, Pitt and Fox, sleep under the same pavement within a few feet of each other, sings—

"Here, where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings,
Where still the hand and still the tongue
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung,
Here where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke again,
'All peace on earth, good will to men'—
If ever from an English heart,
Oh, here let prejudice depart."

MONUMENT TO CHARLES JAMES FOX.

If the aspiration be needful as regards political differences, how much more needful is it with reference to those "unhappy divisions" which rend asunder the peace of the Christian Church!

But the lesson of a wise and noble tolerance in judging of opinions is closely connected with the duty of loving sympathy for men. To create gaps and chasms in history which separate us from this or that age of our forefathers by the discontinuity of fierce aversions, is even a smaller evil than the almost universal lack of charity in speaking or thinking of living men. Westminster Abbey should be "a great temple of silence and reconciliation, where the discords of twenty generations lie buried." Let us dwell on the greatness and goodness of "famous men, and the fathers who begat us," rather than on their differences, and human frailties, and mutual persecutions, and all their "glimmerings and decays." Of all tempers that exist among mankind, surely the vilest and the most serpentine is that which delights in criticism and depreciation. If sensuality belongs to the beast within us, malice and envy and lies belong to the demons.

To revel in "the loathsome and lying spirit of defamation, which studies man only in the skeleton, and nature only in ashes," may be the glory of the worldling, but it is the infamy of the Christian. Here, in the quiet light of history, we may read that many who, in their lifetime, hated and denounced each other, who embittered each other's brief, sad lives, and would even have burnt one another, were yet the common servants of one dear Lord. "The meek, the just, the pious, the devout," said William Penn, "are all of one religion." How bitter have been the mutual animosities of schools, and parties, and rival Churches! Yet here surely we may honour, and reverence, and love the beauty of holiness in all God's saints, and pray that He would make us mindful to follow their good examples. How fully may they have learnt beyond these noises,

> "That all their early creed was not correct,
> That God is not the leader of a sect!"

Once, in the French wars, an English frigate encountered another during the night. Each mistook the other for a French man-of-war. They fought with each other furiously, they injured each other desperately, in the darkness. Day dawned, and lo! with salutes and bitter weeping, amid the dead and the dying and the shattered débris of the fight, each recognized the English flag flying over the other ship, and found that they had been injuring their common country, slaying and shattering their friends and brethren. Ah! let us not make the same mistake in the twilight of our earthly opinions. When we are tempted to shoot out our arrows, even bitter words, against those who differ from us, let us remember how we must weep and blush for such base and ignorant railing when we see them shining in the light of their Saviour's presence, God's chosen saints before His throne.

DIGNITARIES.

DEAN STANLEY.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D. D.

AT WESTMINSTER, the late lamented Dean, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, has, by his memorials of the Abbey (1867), put all visitors under his debt. His was a most interesting personality, universally popular in society owing to the charm of his manner and the delight of his conversation. He was a leader of the Broad Church party and was not infrequently misunderstood, and credited with laxer views and greater heterodoxy than he really possessed, through the warm enthusiasm with which he defended any one whom he believed to be suffering for conscience' sake. The vividness and power of diction displayed in his lectures on the Jewish Church and other theological works gave them great popularity, though, as Bishop Lightfoot's criticism of his commentary shows, there are many misstatements, inaccuracies and contradictions to be found in them by a more impartial scholar. July 18, 1881, he died, and was buried in the Abbey.

FREDERIC WILLIAM FARRAR, D.D.

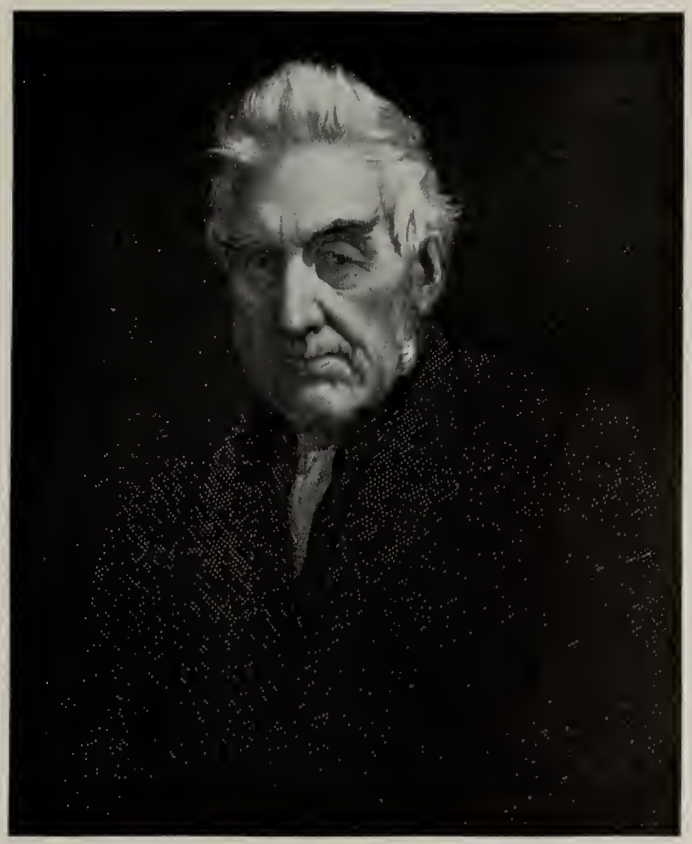
ONE should not visit Westminster without, if possible, listening to the eloquent Canon and Rector of little St. Margaret's, Frederic William Farrar, Archdeacon of Westminster. To his oriental birthplace (born at Bombay, August 7, 1831,) possibly some of the vivid rhetoric and pictorial imagination which mark his books may be owing. He has been a prolific writer upon a wide range of subjects, first becoming known as the author of rather sensational tales of school-boy life, next of books upon language, and finally of theological works, which, through his poetic temperament and superabundant fertility of language, joined to an undoubted scholarship, have become very popular. It may suffice to name his "Eternal Hope," denying the usually accepted doctrine of the future state of the wicked, which aroused a great controversy, and his Life of Christ, which has been called the most widely read theological work of the century, reaching a twelfth edition in the year of its publication. The latter is a brilliant reproduction of the Gospel narratives refracted and considerably coloured by the writer's imagination. Archdeacon Farrar is an ardent teetotaler and champion of the Low Church party, though probably better described as a Broad-churchman himself. The recent promotion of Archdeacon Farrar to the Deanery of Canterbury has met with general approval.

DEAN FARRAR.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

ST. PAUL'S.



DEAN MILMAN.

WAS, then, the Fire of London, if so remorseless, so fatal a destroyer? Are we to mourn with unmitigated sorrow over the demolition of old St. Paul's? Of England's more glorious cathedrals, it seems to me, I confess, none could be so well spared. Excepting its vast size, it had nothing to distinguish it. It must have been a gloomy, ponderous pile. The nave and choir were of different ages (that was common), but ill formed, ill adjusted together, with disproportioned aisles, and transepts, and a low, square, somewhat clumsy tower, out of which once rose a spire, tall indeed, but merely built of woodwork and lead. London would, at best, have been forced to bow its head before the cathedrals of many of our provincial cities. Old St. Paul's had nothing of the prodigal magnificence, the harmonious variety of Lincoln, the stately majesty of York, the solemn grandeur of Canterbury, the perfect, sky-aspiring unity of Salisbury. It had not even one of the great conceptions which are the pride and boast of some of our other churches; neither the massy strength of Durham, "looking eternity" with its marvellous Galilee, nor the tower of Gloucester, nor the lantern of Ely, nor the rich picturesqueness of Beverley, nor the deep receding, highly decorated arches of the west front of Peterborough. And of ancient St. Paul's, the bastard Gothic of Inigo Jones had cased the venerable if decayed walls throughout with a flat, incongruous facing. The unrivalled

beauty of Inigo Jones's "Portico" was the deformity of the church. Even in its immediate neighbourhood, though wanting a central tower, and its western towers, not too successfully afterwards added by Sir Christopher Wren, the Abbey, with its fine soaring columns, its beautiful proportions, its solemn, gray, diapered walls,—the Abbey, with its intricate chapels, with its chambers of royal tombs, with Henry VII.'s Chapel, an excrescence indeed, but in sufficient harmony with the main building, in itself an inimitable model of its style, crowned by its richly fretted roof,—the Abbey of Westminster would have put to perpetual shame the dark, unimpressive pile of the City of London: West-

ST. PAUL'S FROM WATERLOO BRIDGE.

minster modestly reposing in its lower level—St. Paul's boastfully loading its more proud, but more obtrusive eminence.

The rebuilding of St. Paul's Cathedral was at once (the necessary delay of a few years intervening) assumed as a national work. It rested not with the Bishop, the Dean and Chapter, or the City of London. The King, the whole nobility, Parliament, without demur, recognised the paramount duty of erecting a splendid cathedral, worthy of the metropolis, worthy of England.

The subscriptions were headed by the King, who ordered that £1,000 should be contributed annually in quarterly payments from his privy purse. But we seek in vain for

this payment; King Charles II.'s privy purse was exhausted, no doubt, by other than pious uses. After all, the chief expenditure was borne by the coal duty, granted by Parliament, and renewed from time to time, at varying rates, varying also in its apportionment.

This, as all London was supplied with sea-borne coal, and the duty could be easily and fairly collected, was, perhaps, as equitable a tax as could be devised; the rich generally in their palaces consuming, in proportion, more fuel than the poor in their tenements. The coal had its revenge on the public buildings, especially on St. Paul's, by the damage which it did and still does by its smoke.

ST. PAUL'S FROM FLEET STREET.

Sir Christopher Wren was designated in the King's Commission as the architect of the new cathedral. Wren, in truth, stood alone as an architect, without rival or competitor. He was chosen, not by the King's will alone, but, it may be said, by general acclamation.

He who was to rival St. Peter's never saw St. Peter's. In the year 1665, Wren made a journey to France. But it is characteristic of the times that, in his account of the public buildings which he saw, there is not a word about the matchless French cathedrals.

He had an interview with Bernini, then at Paris, who had been invited to complete the Louvre. "Bernini's design for the Louvre I would have given my skin for, but the

old reserved Italian gave me but a few minutes' view; it was five little designs, for which he has received as many thousand pistoles." Bernini's well-paid design for the Louvre was not adopted.

What then was to be the style and character of the cathedral about to rise in the metropolis of England, worthy of her piety, her wealth, and her fame? Of this, at that time, and with Wren for the architect, there could be no doubt. Gothic architecture throughout Christendom was dead. In England, its last refuge, it had expired in what after all were but Collegiate and Royal Chapels—King's at Cambridge, Henry VII.'s at Westminster. Throughout Europe Gothic and "barbarous" bore the same meaning; Catholicism had revived under the Jesuit reaction, but her churches affected the Classical Renaissance style.

WEST FRONT.

St. Peter's was the unrivalled pride of the Christian world, the all-acknowledged model of church architecture. To rival St. Peter's, to approach its unapproachable grandeur, was a worthy object of ambition to an English, a Protestant architect. St. Peter's had been built from the religious tribute of the whole Christian world; it might be said at the cost of a revolution which severed half the world from the dominion of Rome. It had been commenced at least by payments out of the sins of mankind. St. Peter's had been the work of about twenty Popes, from Julius II. to Urban VIII.

St. Paul's is the creation of one mind; it is one great harmonious conception; it was begun and completed, so far as the exterior at least, during the life of that one man.

THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST.

St. Peter's unquestionably, beyond its more vast and imposing dimensions, has some insuperable advantages. Let us imagine what would be the effect of St. Paul's, rising in its grace and majesty, and basking in the cloudless sunlight of the Italian heavens, instead of brooding under a dense and murky canopy of vapour, up to a pale and lifeless sky. See too the vast open area in which St. Peter's stands, with Bernini's porticos, large enough for effect, yet in humble subordination to the vast fabric which they enclose, with the obelisks and fountains, all in fine proportion. Even the Vatican on one side, a picturesque pile of irregular buildings, leaves the façade undisturbed, and sets off rather than encumbers the immense edifice to which it is attached. But against this might have been set the one great advantage of which St. Paul's ought to have fully availed itself. St. Paul's, instead of crouching on a flat level, stands on a majestic eminence, overlooking the city and looked up to from every part. It has but one street of approach; alas! only a narrow esplanade before its west front. The street, moreover, does not come up bold and straight, but with an awkward obliquity; while on all sides the buildings, which Wren kept down to the height of humble vassals, now aspire to be almost its rivals in height. My feeling has ever been a strong desire that the giant could stretch itself, thrust back the intrusive magazines and warehouses to a respectful distance, and make itself a broad, regular, fine approach, and encircling space.

Nevertheless, what building in its exterior form does not bow its head before St. Paul's? What eye, trained to all that is perfect in architecture, does not recognise the inimitable beauty of its lines, the majestic yet airy swelling of its dome, its rich, harmonious ornamentation?

The architect himself had the honour of laying the first stone (June 21, 1675). There was no solemn ceremonial, neither the King, nor any of the Court, nor the Primate, nor the Bishop; not even, it should seem, was Dean Sancroft, or the Lord Mayor, present.

On December 2, 1697, twenty-two years after the laying of the first stone, the Cathedral of St. Paul was opened for divine service. It was a great national pomp to commemorate an event of the highest national importance, the thanksgiving day for the Peace of Ryswick. It was an event, not only of importance to England, but to Europe, to Christendom. The Peace of Ryswick ratified the enforced recognition of the title of William III. to the throne of England, by his haughty, now humbled foe, the magnificent Louis XIV.

It was a glorious day for England, a glorious day for London, especially a glorious day for Compton, Bishop of London. It had been proposed that the King (Queen Mary had, unhappily, not lived to witness and to share her husband's triumph) should in person attend this ceremony. He was himself anxious to be present. But it was said, that at least 300,000 jubilant people from all quarters would so throng the metropolis, that the King could only with extreme difficulty make his

way to the cathedral. The city authorities appeared in all their state and pomp. Bishop Compton took his seat on his throne, that throne, with the whole of the choir, rich with the exquisite carvings of Grinling Gibbons. For the first time the new organ pealed out its glorious volume of sound. The Bishop preached the Thanksgiving Sermon. He took for his text that noble song, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go up into the House of the Lord." Since that time the services have gone on uninterruptedly in Wren's St. Paul's. The services, as to their hours and their order, have always been conducted according to the Orders then issued by Bishop Compton. Nor were services of special thanksgiving at an end. Queen Anne year after year went in solemn procession to the cathedral of the metropolis to commemorate glorious victories. Seven times she fulfilled this welcome duty; the eighth, she was only prevented by increasing bodily infirmity. Anne ascended the throne of England March 2, 1702; on November 12 was the jubilant procession to St. Paul's for the successes of John, Earl of Marlborough, in the Low Countries, and for the destruction of the Spanish fleet in the port of Vigo by the Duke of Ormond and Sir George Rooke; "burning," so said the proclamation, "sinking, and taking many ships of war, and great riches of their enemies." The Council declared that, the cathedral being for that day the Queen's Chapel Royal, the seats were to be disposed of and all the arrangements made by the Lord Chamberlain. The Queen's throne was "exactly as in the House of Lords," about three feet higher than the floor of the choir, covered with a Persian carpet, and a canopy upheld by iron rods fastened to the organ-loft above, fifteen feet high; "with an armed chair on the throne, with a fald-stool before it, and a desk for the Queen's book, covered with crimson velvet, richly embroidered and fringed with gold, with a cushion thereon of the same. Some distance behind were stools for the Countess of Marlborough, Groom of the Stole, the Countess of Sunderland, Lady of

ST. PAUL'S FROM CHEAPSIDE.

the Bedchamber in waiting. Farther behind stood the Vice-Chamberlain, with other officers of state." So ran the proclamation. The two Houses of Parliament determined to assist at the ceremony. The Lords resolved to sit in the area or body of the choir as a House of Lords. The Commons were to be called over; the Speaker to sit on the seat where the Lord Bishop of London was used to sit, in the middle of the south side of the choir, with the Sergeant-at-Arms and officers just under him, the members in the stalls and galleries on each side. The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs sat in the furthermost lower galleries towards the altar; their ladies had their appointed seats. The foreign ministers and their ladies in the middle gallery on the north side. The Bishop of London, Compton, sat on his throne in the south-east end of the choir. The Dean and Prebendaries on chairs within the rails of the altar. The choirs of the Queen's Chapel Royal and their music in the upper galleries on each side of the organ.

TEMPLE BAR.

At 11 o'clock the Queen took coach at St. James's; at Temple Bar she was received by the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen on horseback. The Lord Mayor surrendered the sword with a short speech. The Queen returned it, and the Lord Mayor bore it before her to the church. On her arrival at the west door the Queen was met by the peers and principal officers of state, and conducted up the nave to her throne. She knelt at her fald-stool, and after a short "ejaculation" rose and seated herself.

Such was the model and precedent for royal processions and for royal receptions at St. Paul's. In the reign of Queen Anne they were repeated with glorious frequency.

In the year 1710, Sir Christopher Wren, by the hands of his son, attended by Mr. Strong, the master-mason who had executed the whole work, and the body of Freemasons of which Sir Christopher was an active member, laid the last and highest stone of the lantern of the cupola, with humble prayers for the Divine blessing on his work.

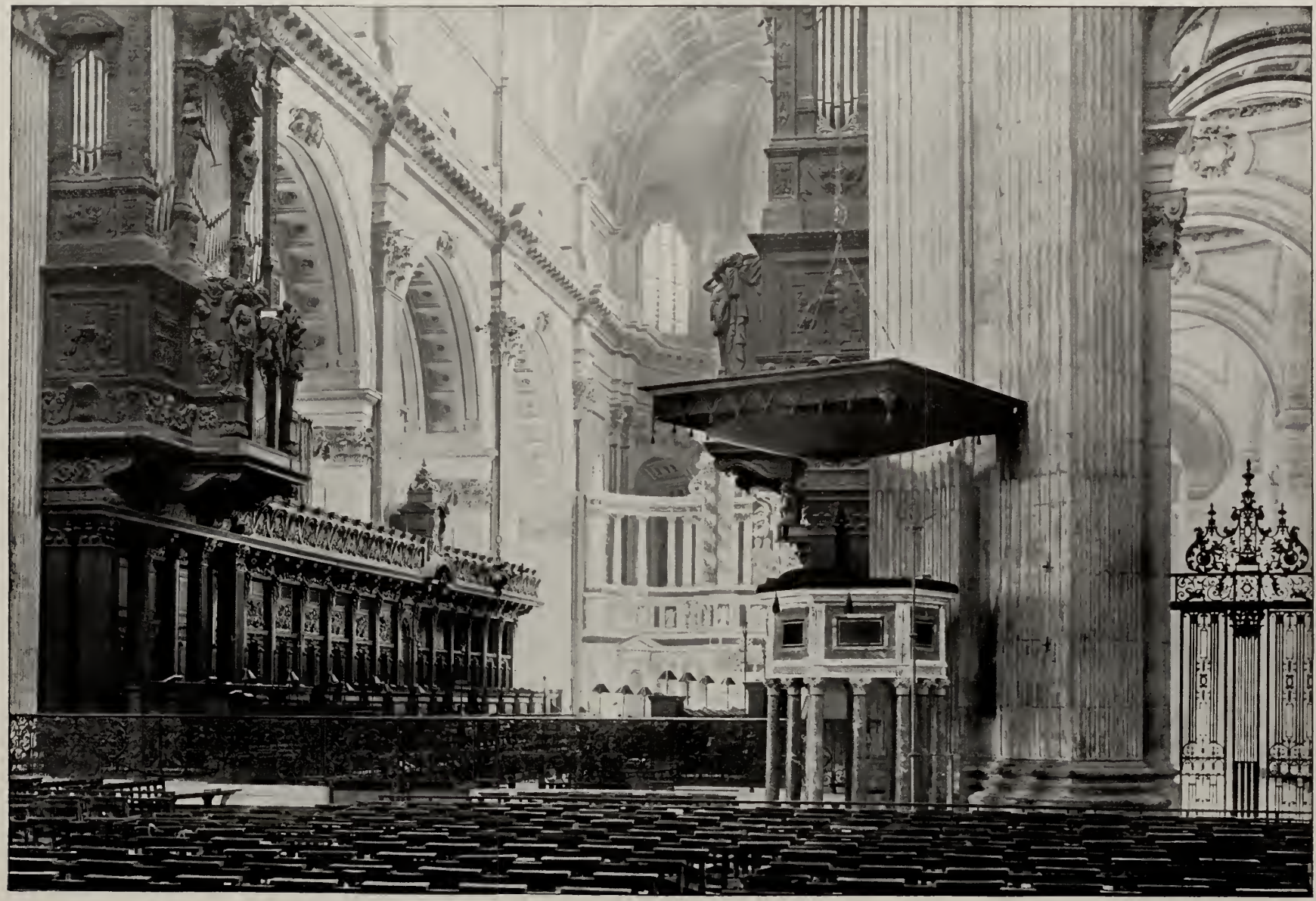
If ever there was an occasion on which the heart of man might swell with pardonable pride, it was the heart of Wren at that hour, whether he himself was actually at the giddy summit of the building, or watched his son's act from below. The architect looked down, or looked up and around, on this great and matchless building, the creation of his own mind, the achievement of his sole care and skill. The whole building stretching out in all its perfect harmony, with its fine horizontal lines, various, yet in perfect unison, its towers, its unrivalled dome, its crowning lantern and cross. All London had poured forth for the spectacle, which had been publicly announced, and were looking up in wonder to the old man, or his son if not the old man himself, who was, on that wondrous height, setting the seal, as it were, to his august labors.

Wren descended from this lofty elevation, or awoke from his ennobling contemplation, not to meet with homage, not with ardent admiration, not with merited gratitude from the Church, the city, the nation, for his wonderful work, but to encounter petty yet presumptuous jealousy, injustice, hostility, even—the word must be spoken—unprovoked malignity, and finally absolute degradation, as far as mean men could degrade one like Wren.

Yet, everywhere but at St. Paul's, Wren was at the undisputed height of his power and influence. No great building could be erected or remodelled without the judgement, skill, and science of Wren: Greenwich Hospital, Chelsea Hospital, Hampton Court, not a few of the most important churches in London and Westminster (as St. James's, Westminster), the great country houses of the nobility, as Audley End. Westminster Abbey, the rival of St. Paul's, was placed under his care.

The first point of dispute between Wren and the clergy was the prolongation of the fabric from a Greek to a Latin cross. The second was, later, on the position of the organ and the organ-gallery. In this, I apprehend, Wren was as unquestionably right on the principles of music as on those of his own science, architecture. The more remote the organ from the choristers, the more difficult to keep the accompaniment and the chant together with that perfect harmony which is perhaps only perceptible to ears finely gifted and susceptibly instructed.

The clergy insisted on the enclosure of the choir, no doubt partly for their own comfort and secluded dignity. Whether Wren designed any screen, or to what height that screen was to rise, does not appear. But he was compelled to submit, and, contrary to his judgement, to place the organ and organ-gallery upon the screen. The organ now stands under the north-east arch of the choir, exactly where Wren proposed to place it, as is shown in a drawing recently discovered.



THE CHOIR.

Wren had designed to use mosaics largely in the internal decoration, the only safe and durable material except gilding (and some of Wren's gilding comes out, when burnished and cleaned, as bright as ever). But mosaic, imperishable, and that might be easily washed, would have defied time and the smoke of London. Mosaic, however, was judged too costly, and skilful artists were not immediately at hand. I hardly doubt but that Wren would have found or formed artists, had he been allowed free scope and ample means.

But now the hostility of the Commissioners became more and more declared. I would willingly draw a veil over the shame of my predecessors; but the inexorable duty of the historian forbids all disguise, all reticence. The final overt act was violent, wrongful, insulting. There had been some murmurs in Parliament at the slow progress of the cathedral to its completion. With due deference, there could be no tribunal so unfit to judge of such matters, so ignorant, or so ignorant of its ignorance, as the House of Commons.

However this may be, a clause had crept into the Act of Parliament that, until the work should be finished, a moiety of his salary should be withheld from the surveyor. The Commissioners proceeded at once to carry this hard clause into effect. This was not only a hardship but a tacit imputation that the architect was delaying the completion of the work for his own emolument.

The immediate cause of the dispute between the Commissioners and the architect was now the iron enclosure. Wren would have kept the fence low, but the Commissioners, utterly blind to the architectural effect, proud of their heavy, clumsy, misplaced fence, described Sir Christopher's design as mean and weak, boasted that their own met with general approbation, and so left the cathedral compressed in its gloomy gaol. Wren was not restored to his uncontested supremacy.

That the Commissioners should conceive that they could finish Wren's glorious building better than Wren himself; that they should issue their peremptory mandate, giving Wren but a fortnight for consideration and reply to their dictates—is scarcely to be credited except from their own words. "I have considered," writes Wren, "the resolution of the honourable Commissioners for adorning St. Paul's Cathedral, dated October 15, 1717, and brought to me on the 21st, importing that a balustrade of stone be set up on the top of the church."

He cannot conceal or disguise his contempt: it breaks out in a few sentences. "In observance of this resolution, I take leave to declare, I never designed a balustrade. Persons of little skill in architecture did expect, I believe, to see something they had been used to in Gothic structures, and *ladies think nothing well without an edging*. I should gladly have complied with the *vulgar* taste, but I suspended for the reasons following." He proceeds to give his reasons, which, expressed in architectural terms, were probably not very intelligible to his adversaries or his masters.

But even this was not the worst. It can hardly have been without the sanction, if not through the direct influence of the Commissioners, that, the following year, Wren, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, the forty-ninth of his office, being still in full possession of his wonderful faculties, was ignominiously dismissed from his office of Surveyor of Public Works. But Wren had consolation in his sorrows. He retired to a house at Hampton Court, within view of another of his works. "He then betook himself to a country retirement, saying only, with the stoic, 'Nunc me jubet fortuna expeditius philosophari.'" He resumed his philosophical studies with as great delight as ever. The author of the "Parentalia" goes on to say: "Free from worldly cares, he passed the greatest part of the five last following years of his life (he lived to ninety-two), in contemplation and studies, and principally in the consolation of the Holy Scriptures, cheerful in solitude, and well pleased to die in the shade as in the light."

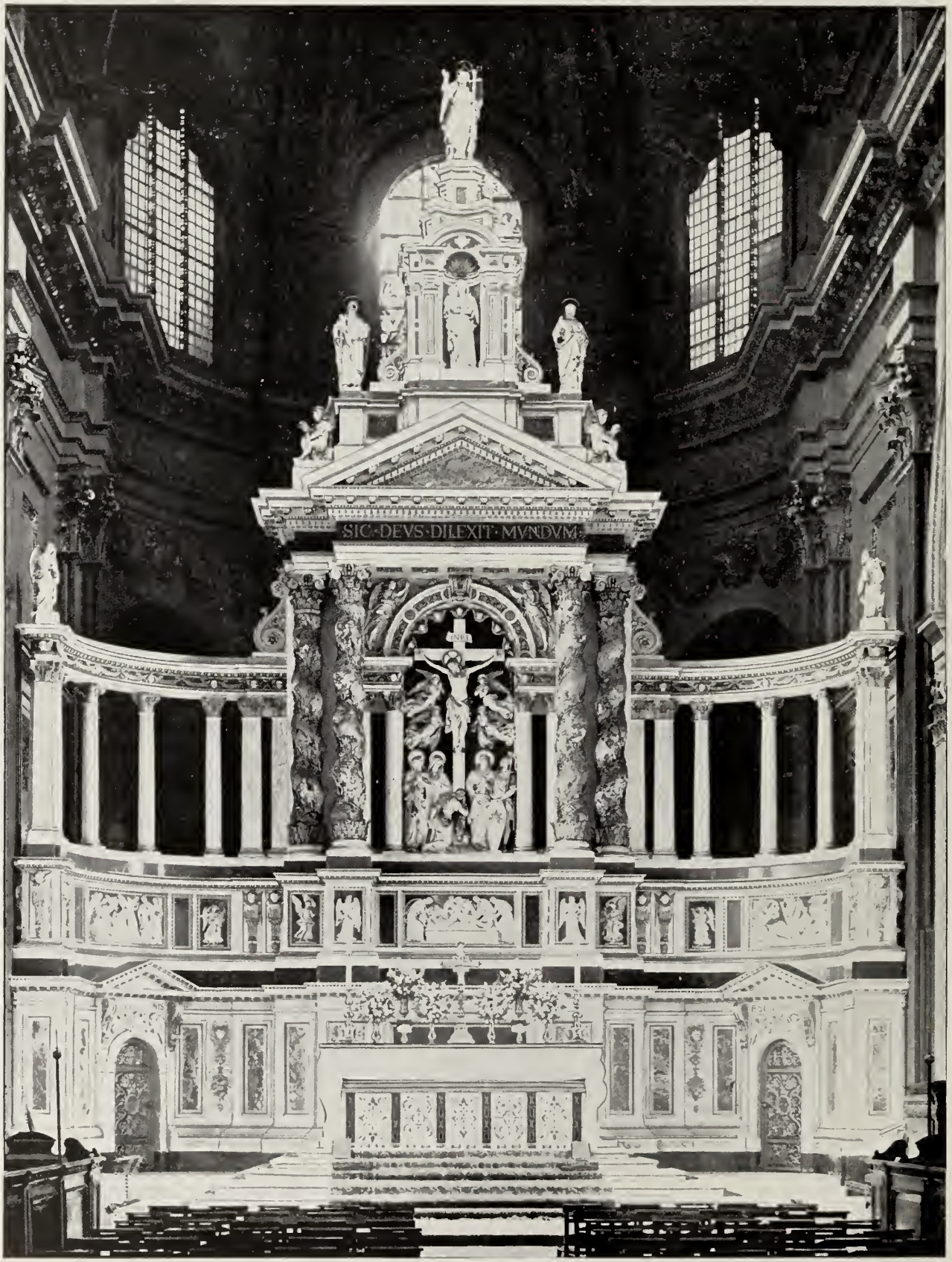
THE CRYPT.

Beside the ovational pomps St. Paul's witnessed a peaceful, civil funeral procession, to which nevertheless her gates were readily opened. Already in the place of honour, the extreme east of the crypt, reposed the mortal remains of Sir Christopher Wren.

At the feet of Wren repose a long line of the artists who have done honour to England.

On March 3, 1792, with an almost royal procession of nearly a hundred carriages, the body of Sir Joshua Reynolds was conveyed to the cathedral. The highest Peers begged for the honour of being his pall-bearers. The Academy forgot all the grievances with which they had vexed the later years of Reynolds, in their deep and reverential sorrow.

It was Turner's dying request that he might repose as near as possible to Sir Joshua Reynolds. This request was granted without hesitation. There was a wild story that Turner, in one of his fits of ill humour with the world, had willed that he should be buried in his "Carthage" as a shroud. Had this been done I fear that his tomb would not have remained long inviolate. Happily the Dean had not to succumb to the



ALTAR AND REREDOS.

temptation of at least tacitly conniving at a crime like that of the saint-worshippers of old, who broke open their tombs for less valuable plunder—plunder which the world might have better spared than Turner's "Carthage."

The great sculptors, Flaxman, Chantrey, Westmacott, sleep elsewhere. There had long been a low murmur among intelligent men, which grew at length into a loud acclamation, that St. Paul's might fitly become a Valhalla for English worthies. It is highly to the honour of St. Paul's that the first triumph over this inveterate prejudice was extorted by admiration of the highest Christian charity. The first statue admitted at St. Paul's was not that of statesman, warrior, or even of sovereign; it was that of John Howard, the pilgrim, not to gorgeous shrines of saints and martyrs, not even to holy lands, but to the loathsome depths and darkness of the prisons throughout what called itself the civilized world.

Perhaps no man has assuaged so much human misery as John Howard; and John Howard rightly took his place at one corner of the Dome of St. Paul's, the genuine Apostle of Him among whose titles to our veneration and love not the least befitting, not the least glorious, was that "he went about doing good." The ice of prejudice was broken; the example was soon followed. The second statue, at the earnest urgency of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was that of Samuel Johnson. Though Johnson was buried in the Abbey among his brother men of letters, yet there was a singular propriety in the erection of Johnson's statue in St. Paul's. Among the most frequent and regular communicants at the altar of the cathedral might be seen a man whose ungainly gestures and contortions of countenance evinced his profound awe, reverence, and satisfaction at that awful mystery; this was Samuel Johnson, who on all the great festivals wandered up from his humble lodgings in Bolt Court, or its neighbourhood, to the cathedral. Johnson might be well received as the representative of the literature of England. Sir Joshua Reynolds took the third place, as the master in our fine arts. The fourth was adjudged to that remarkable man, Sir W. Jones, the first who opened the treasures of Oriental learning, the poetry and wisdom of our Indian Empire, to wondering Europe.

The great work of the revolution began. One triumph broke down and swept away any lingering reluctance (if there was still reluctance) to people the walls of St. Paul's with cenotaphs or statues to our great men. Our victorious admirals and generals imperatively demanded places of honour for their names and memory. Parliament, to whose omnipotence the clergy could not bow at once, issued its commands; and, perhaps with ill-judging but honourably prodigal liberality, voted large sums for monuments, which could not be expended but on vast masses of marble, more to the advantage of the artists than to their sublime art. Fames and Victories, and all kinds of unmeaning allegories, gallant men fighting and dying in every conceivable or hardly conceivable attitude, rose on every side, on every wall, under every arch.

The funeral of Nelson was a signal day in the annals of St. Paul's. The cathedral opened wide her doors to receive the remains of the great admiral, followed, it might almost be said, by the whole nation as mourners. The death of Nelson in the hour of victory, of Nelson whose victories at Aboukir and Copenhagen had raised his name above any other in our naval history, had stirred the English heart to its depths, its depths of pride and of sorrow. The manifest result of that splendid victory at Trafalgar was the annihilation of the fleets of France and Spain, and it might seem the absolute conquest of the ocean, held for many years as a subject province of Great Britain. The procession, first by water, then by land, was of course magnificent, at least as far as prodigal cost could command magnificence.

MONUMENT TO NELSON.

The body was preceded to St. Paul's by all that was noble and distinguished in the land, more immediately by all the Princes of the blood and the Prince of Wales. The chief mourner was the Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Peter Parker. The place of interment was under the centre of the dome. As a youth I was present, and remember the solemn effect of the sinking of the coffin. I heard, or fancied that I heard, the low wail of the sailors who bore and encircled the remains of their admiral.

By a singular chance, the body of Nelson is deposited in a sarcophagus in which Cardinal Wolsey expected to repose. It was designed and executed for Wolsey by the famous Torregiano. It lay for centuries neglected in Wolsey's Chapel at Windsor. Just at this time, George III. was preparing to make that chapel a cemetery for his family. What was to be done with what had been thrown aside as useless lumber?

It was suggested as fit to encase the coffin of Nelson. It is a fine work, marred in its bold simplicity by some tawdry coronets, but the master Italian hand is at once recognised by the instructed eye.

On each side of Nelson repose the vanguard and rearguard of Trafalgar, Collingwood and Lord Northesk.

Opposite to the monument of Nelson stands that of one who may well open the roll of those great men who have administered our mighty empire, or devoted their lives to the service of their country. To few would the Valhalla of England open her gates with greater alacrity and pride than to the Marquis Cornwallis. The career of Cornwallis began in disaster but not in ignominy. The ignominy of his defeat in the American War belongs to the rulers of England, not to the general who failed in achieving an impossible task. In the defeat of Cornwallis, there was not the shadow of an impeachment on the courage of the soldier or the conduct of the general.

Of our earlier Indian warriors we have only one, General Gillespie, who fell before an obscure fortress on the frontiers of Nepaul. The latest, not least distinguished, of our Indian heroes is Sir Henry Lawrence, a name gloriously connected with the most terrible crisis which seemed to strike our empire to its base. The dark history of Lucknow is inseparably bound up with the name of Sir Henry Lawrence. His death is the saddest, at the same time the most noble, deed of those disastrous days.

We have two also who aspired to be not the civil but the religious conquerors of India, her first two Bishops. Middleton was a scholar, perhaps hardly the man, notwithstanding his many excellent qualities, for such an enterprise. His successor, Reginald Heber, my early friend, by the foot of whose statue I pass so often, not without emotion, to our services, had he not been cut off by untimely death, might by his love-winning Christianity, his genius and devoted zeal, have made a deep impression on the natives, as he did on the Anglo-Indian mind. None was ever marked so strongly for a missionary bishop in the fabled and romantic East as Reginald Heber.

It is somewhat remarkable that I, who as an undistinguished boy witnessed the burial of Lord Nelson, should officiate, as Dean of St. Paul's, at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington.

The funeral of the Duke of Wellington lives in the memory of most of the present generation. Nothing could be more impressive than the sad, silent reverence of the whole people of London, of all orders and classes, as the procession passed through the streets. But this concerns not St. Paul's.

The scene under the dome (for under the dome the ceremony was to take place) was in the highest degree imposing. The two Houses of Parliament assembled in

full numbers. On the north side of the area the House of Commons; behind these, filling up the north transept, the Civic authorities, the City Companies, and the members of the Corporation. On the south side of the area, the Peers; behind them, the clergy of the cathedral, and their friends. The foreign ambassadors sat on seats extending to the organ gallery. Every arcade, every available space, was crowded; from 12,000 to 15,000 persons (it was difficult closely to calculate) were present. The body was received by the Bishop and the Dean, and the Clergy, with the choir, at the west door, and conducted to the central area under the dome, on which shone down the graceful coronal of light which encircled the dome under the Whispering Gallery. The pall was borne by eight of the most distinguished General-Officers who had survived the wars of their great commander, or other glorious wars in which their country had been engaged. The chief mourner was, of course, the Duke of Wellington, with the Prince Consort, and others of the royal family.

The prayers and lessons were read by the Dean. And here must be a final tribute to the memory of Sir Christopher Wren. Of all architects, Wren alone, either from intuition or from philosophic discernment, has penetrated the abstruse mysteries of acoustics, has struck out the laws of the propagation of sound. I have been assured, on the highest musical authority, that there is no building in Europe equal for sound to St. Paul's. My voice was accordingly heard distinctly in every part of the building, up to the western gallery, by the many thousands present, though the whole was deadened by walls of heavy black cloth which lined every part. Nothing could be imagined more solemn than the responses of all the thousands present, who repeated, as had been suggested, the words of the Lord's Prayer. It fulfilled the sublime biblical phrase, "Like the roar of many waters," only that it was clear and distinct; the sad, combined prayer, as it were, of the whole nation.

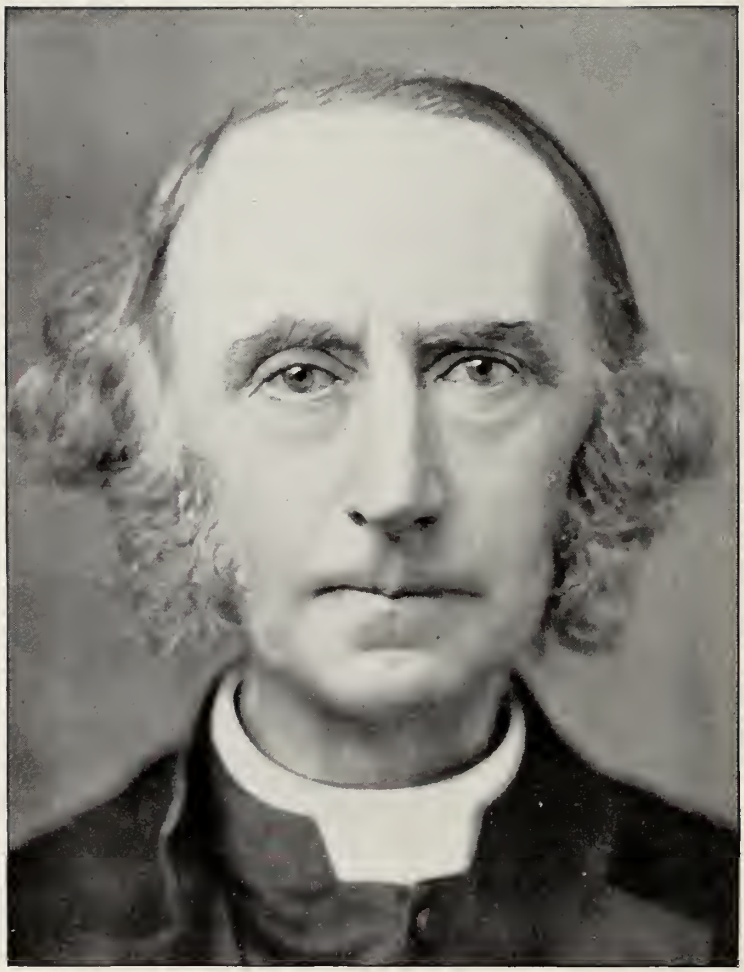
The gradual disappearance of the coffin, as it slowly sunk into the vault below, was a sight which will hardly pass away from the memory of those who witnessed it.

And so, not by the side, but in his own alcove, in the chapel prepared in his honour, rested with Nelson he who, as Nelson closed the naval triumphs, closed, over a far mightier adversary, the military campaigns of the great European wars.

The sarcophagus which, after some time, was prepared to receive the remains of Wellington, was in perfect character with that great man. A mass of Cornish porphyry, wrought in the simplest and severest style, unadorned, and because unadorned more grand and impressive; in its grave splendour, and, it might seem, time-defying solidity, emblematic of him who, unlike most great men, the more he is revealed to posterity, shows more substantial, unboastful, unquestionable greatness.

The death of Dean Milman caused the abrupt termination of the account of St. Paul's.

DIGNITARIES.



DEAN CHURCH.

RICHARD WILLIAM CHURCH, M. A. D. C. L.

RICHARD WILLIAM CHURCH, M. A., D. C. L., late Dean of St. Paul's, was born at Lisbon in 1815, and spent much of his early life in the south of Europe, becoming an eminent Italian scholar, as evinced in his charming study of Dante. He had a very distinguished career at the University of Oxford, becoming a fellow of Oriel College in 1836. September 6, 1871, he became Dean of St. Paul's. His erection of the reredos in that cathedral gave rise to much controversy and litigation. As Dean he initiated the preaching services which have become so popular, thousands of persons of all ranks and conditions crowding the great cathedral to hear Canon Liddon and other pulpit orators. Dean Church was a leading member and almost the last prominent survivor of the Tractarian party, and his history of the Oxford movement has great valne in consequence. His style was remarkable for purity of English, and his high critical powers and blended poetry and philosophy enabled him to invest with a light new to English eyes the career of Saint Anselm, the period and work of Dante, and the Christianising of the empire.

HENRY PARRY LIDDON, D.D.

ALAS! one great charm of St. Paul's has gone. The eloquent voice of Henry Parry Liddon is stilled in death, and can no more entrance the listening thousands from that pulpit under the cathedral dome, where for twenty years he held almost unchallenged the position of the greatest preacher of the age. Though for a few years principal of the theological school at Cuddesdon, where his gifts as an expositor of Scripture, his piety, and his delightful companionship gave him exceptional influence over the students, his vocation in life was preaching. As Curate of Wantage, as Principal of St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, as select preacher to the University, and as Canon of St. Paul's, he gave himself and his rare talent to the work of the pulpit with unrestrained energy. His sermons were characterised by passionate fervour, deep devotion and intensity of conviction, a choice felicity of language and supreme rhetorical powers. The matter of the sermon was generally quite simple; it was confined to the elemental doctrines of the faith. He spent himself in the effort simply to prove and persuade men to believe the faith once delivered to the saints. To this effort everything in him contributed—his charm of feature, his exquisite intonation, his kindling eye, his quivering pose and gestures, his fiery sarcasm, his rich humour, his delicate knowledge of the heart, and his argumentative skill. Possibly his greatest work, and that by which he will be longest remembered, is the course of Bampton Lectures "On the Divinity of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," delivered in 1866, which have gone through fifteen editions, been translated into German, and remain the text-book on the subject.

CANON LIDDON.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

CANTERBURY.

THE LANDING OF AUGUSTINE AND CONVERSION OF ETHELBERT.

THERE are five great landings in English history, each of vast importance—the landing of Julius Cæsar, which first revealed us to the civilised world, and the civilised world to us; the landing of Hengist and Horsa, which gave us our English forefathers and our English characters; the landing of Augustine, which gave us our Latin Christianity; the landing of William the Conqueror, which gave us our Norman aristocracy; the landing of William III., which gave us our free constitution. Of these five landings, the three first and most important were formerly all supposed to have taken place in Kent.

Ebbe's Fleet is still the name of a farm-house on a strip of high ground rising out of Minster Marsh, and you see at a glance that it must once have been a headland or promontory running out into the sea between the two inlets of the estuary of the Stour on one side, and Pegwell Bay on the other. Here it was that Augustine came with his monks, his choristers, and the interpreters they had brought with them from France. Augustine landed there that he might remain safe on that side the broad river till he knew the mind of the King. The rock was long preserved on which he set foot, and which, according to a superstition found in almost every country, was supposed to have received the impression of his footmark.

To Ethelbert, the King, we must now turn. To consolidate his power he had married Bertha, a French princess, daughter of the King of Paris. It was on this marriage that all the subsequent fate of England turned. Ethelbert was, like all the Saxons, a heathen; but Bertha, like all the rest of the French royal family from Clovis downwards, was a Christian. It is probable that Ethelbert had heard enough from Bertha to dispose him favorably towards the new religion; but Ethelbert's conduct on hearing that the strangers were actually arrived was still hesitating. He would not suffer them to come to Canterbury; they were to remain in the Isle of Thanet with the Stour flowing between himself and them; and he also stipulated that on no account should they hold their first interview under a roof—it must be in the open air, for fear of the charms and spells he feared they might exercise over him.

The meeting must have been remarkable. The Saxon King, "the Son of the Ash-tree," with his wild soldiers round, seated on the bare ground on one side—on the other side, with a huge silver cross borne before him (crucifixes were not yet introduced), and beside it a large picture of Christ painted and gilded after the fashion of those times, on an upright board, came up from the shore Augustine and his companions, chanting, as they advanced, a solemn Litany for themselves and for the others. Augustine first delivered his message, which the dragoman, as they would say in the East, explained to the King.

The King heard it all attentively, and then gave this most characteristic

ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH.

answer, bearing upon it a stamp of truth which it is impossible to doubt: "Your words are fair, and your promises; but because they are new and doubtful, I cannot give my assent to them, and leave the customs which I have so long observed, with the whole Anglo-Saxon race. But because you have come hither as strangers from a long distance, and as I seem to myself to have seen clearly that what you yourselves believe to be true and good you wish to impart to us, we do not wish to molest you; nay, rather we are anxious to receive you hospitably, and to give you all that is needed for your support, nor do we hinder you from joining all whom you can to the faith of your religion." Such an answer, simple as it was, really seems to contain the seeds of all that is excellent in the English character.

From the Isle of Thanet, the missionaries crossed the broad ferry to Richborough. Underneath the overhanging cliff of the castle, so the tradition ran, the King received the missionaries. They then advanced to Canterbury by the Roman road over St. Martin's Hill. The first object that would catch their view would be the little British chapel of St. Martin—a welcome sight, as showing that the Christian faith was not wholly strange to this new land. And then, in the valley below, on the banks of the river, appeared the city—the rude wooden city as it then was—embosomed in thickets. In St. Martin's they worshipped; and no doubt the mere splendour and strangeness of the Roman ritual produced an instant effect on the rude barbarian mind. And now came the turning-point of their whole mission, the baptism of Ethelbert. We know the day—it was the Feast of Whit-Sunday—on the 2d of June, in the year of our Lord 597. Unfortunately we do not with certainty know the place. Still, as St. Martin's Church is described as the scene of Augustine's ministrations, and, amongst other points, of his administration of baptism, it is in the highest degree probable that the local tradition is correct. And although the venerable font, which is there shown as that in which he was baptised, is proved by its appearance to be, at least in its upper part, of a later date, yet it is so like that which appears in the representation of the event in the seal of St. Augustine's Abbey, and is in itself so remarkable, that we may perhaps fairly regard it as a monument of the event. The conversion of a King was then of more importance than it has ever been before or since. The baptism of any one

BAPTISMAL FONT, ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH.

of these barbarian chiefs almost inevitably involved the baptism of the whole tribe, and therefore we are not to be surprised at finding that when this step was once achieved, all else was easy.

The next stage of the mission carries us to another spot. Midway between St. Martin's and the town was another ancient building—also, it would appear, although this is less positively stated, once a British church, but now used by Ethelbert as a temple in which to worship the gods of Saxon paganism. This temple Ethelbert did not destroy, but made over to Augustine for a regular place of Christian worship. Augustine dedicated the place to St. Pancras, and it became the Church of St. Pancras, of which the spot is still indicated by a ruined arch of ancient brick, and by the fragment of a wall.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHAIR.

But Ethelbert was not satisfied with establishing those places of worship outside the city. Augustine was now formally consecrated as the first Archbishop of Canterbury, and Ethelbert determined to give him a dwelling-place and a house of prayer within the city also, and gave up his own palace and an old British or Roman church in its neighbourhood, to be the seat of the new archbishop and the foundation of the new cathedral.

As St. Martin's and St. Pancras's witnessed the first beginning of English Christianity, so Canterbury Cathedral is the earliest monument of an English Church Establishment—of the English constitution of the union of Church and State. Of the actual building of this first cathedral, nothing now remains; yet there is much, even now, to remind us of it. First, there is the venerable chair, in which, for so many generations, the primates of England have been enthroned, and which, though probably of a later date, may yet rightly be called "St. Augustine's Chair." Finally, in the neighbourhood of the Church of St. Pancras, where he had first begun to perform Christian service, Ethelbert granted to Augustine the ground on which was to be built the monastery that afterwards grew up into the

great abbey called by his name. His last act at Canterbury, of which we can speak with certainty, was his consecration of two monks who had been sent out after him by Gregory to two new sees—two new steps farther into the country, still under the shelter of Ethelbert. Justus became Bishop of Rochester, and Mellitus Bishop of London. The arrival of Augustine explains to us at once why the primate of this great Church, the first subject of this great empire, should be Archbishop not of London, but of Canterbury. Humble as Canterbury may now be—"Kent itself but a corner of England, and Canterbury seated in a corner of that corner"—yet so long as an Archbishop of Canterbury exists, so long as the Church of England exists, Canterbury can never forget that it had the glory of being the cradle of English Christianity.

Let any one sit on the hill of the little Church of St. Martin, and look on the view which is there spread before his eyes. Immediately below are the towers of the great Abbey of St. Augustine, where Christian learning and civilisation first struck root in the Anglo-Saxon race; and within which now, after a lapse of many centuries, a new institution has arisen, intended to carry far and wide to countries of which Gregory and Augustine never heard, the blessings which they gave to us. Carry your view on—and there rises high above all the magnificent pile of our cathedral, equal in splendour and state to any, the noblest temple or church that Augustine could have seen in ancient Rome, rising on the very ground which derives its consecration from him. And still more than the grandeur of the outward buildings that rose from the little church of Augustine and the little palace of Ethelbert, have been the institutions of all kinds, of which these were the earliest cradle. From Canterbury, the first English Christian city; from Kent, the first English Christian kingdom—has, by degrees, arisen the whole constitution of Church and State in England which now binds together the whole British Empire. And from the Christianity here established in England has flowed, by direct consequence, first, the Christianity of Germany; then, after a long interval, of North America; and lastly, we may trust in time, of all India and all Australasia. The view from St. Martin's Church is indeed one of the most inspiriting that can be found in the world; there is none to which I would more willingly take any one who doubted whether a small beginning could lead to a great and lasting good—none which carries us more vividly back into the past or more hopefully forward to the future.

THE MURDER OF BECKET.

THE year 1170 witnessed the termination of the struggle of eight years between the King and the Archbishop. In addition to the general question of the immunities of the clergy from secular jurisdiction, which was the original point in dispute between the King and the Archbishop, another had arisen within this very year, of much less importance in itself, but which now threw the earlier controversy into the shade, and eventually brought about the final catastrophe. In the preceding June, Henry, with the view of consolidating his power in England, had caused his eldest son to be crowned king. In the absence of the Archbishop of Canterbury the ceremony of coronation was performed by Roger, Archbishop of York, assisted by Gilbert Foliot and Jocelyn the Lombard, Bishops of London and of Salisbury, under (what was at least believed to be) the sanction of a Papal brief. The moment the intelligence was communicated to Becket, a new blow seemed to be struck at his rights; but this time it was not the privileges of his order, but of his office, that were attacked. The inalienable right of crowning the sovereigns of England, from the time of Augustine downwards, inherent in the See of Canterbury, had been infringed; and with his usual ardour he procured from the Pope letters against the three prelates who had taken part in the daring act.

Tuesday, his friends remarked, had always been a significant day in Becket's life. On a Tuesday he was born and baptised; on a Tuesday he had fled from Northampton; on a Tuesday he had left England on his exile; on a Tuesday he had received warning of his martyrdom in a vision at Pontigny; on a Tuesday he had returned from that exile. It was now on a Tuesday that the fatal hour came; and (as the next generation observed) it was on a Tuesday that his enemy, King Henry, was buried, on a Tuesday that the martyr's relics were translated; and Tuesday was long afterwards regarded as the week-day especially consecrated to the saint with whose fortunes it had thus been so strangely interwoven.

In the morning he attended Mass in the cathedral; then passed a long time in the chapter-house, confessing to two of the monks, and receiving, as seems to have been his custom, three scourgings. Then came the usual banquet in the great hall of the palace at three in the afternoon. He was observed to drink more than usual; and his cup-bearer, in a whisper, reminded him of it. "He who has much blood to shed," answered Becket, "must drink much."

The dinner was now over; the concluding hymn or "grace" was finished, and Becket had retired to his private room, where he sat on his bed, talking to his friends. A violent assault on the door of the hall, and the crash of a wooden partition in the passage from the orchard, announced that the danger was close at hand. The

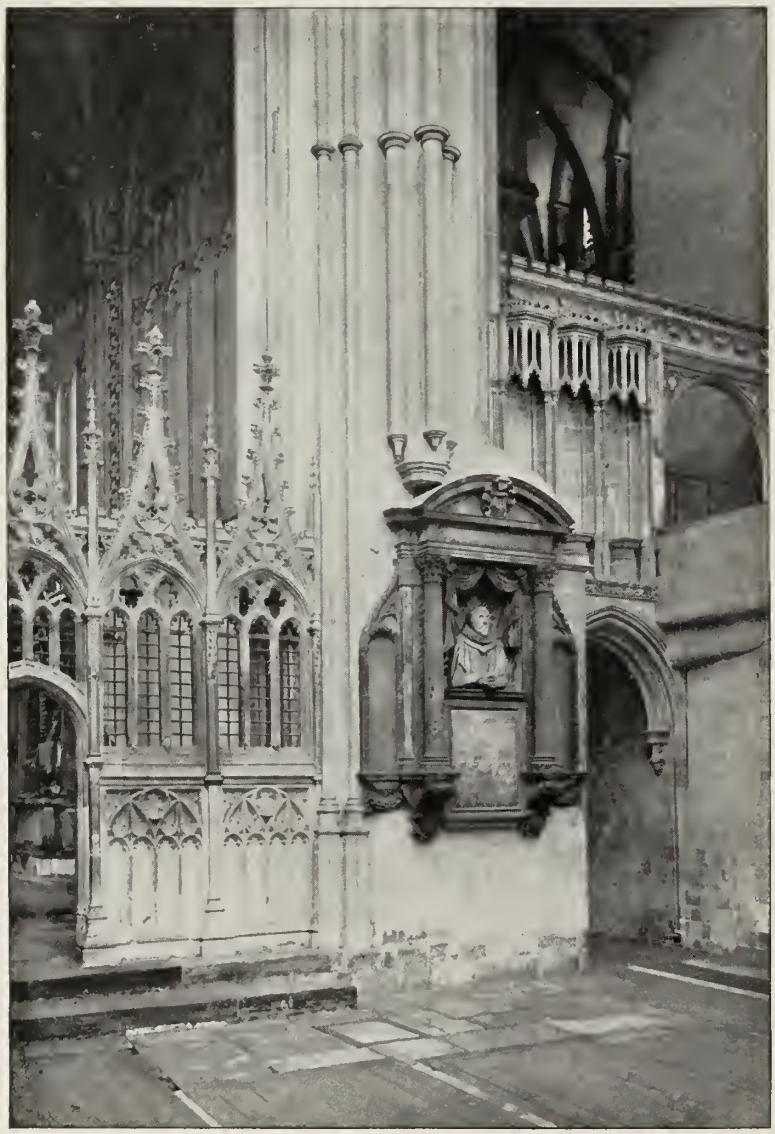
CATHEDRAL AND BELL HARRY TOWER FROM NORTH-WEST.

monks, with that extraordinary timidity which they always seem to have displayed, instantly fled, leaving only a small body of his intimate friends or faithful attendants. They united in entreating him to take refuge in the cathedral. "No," he said; "fear not; all monks are cowards." On this some sprang upon him, and endeavoured to drag him there by main force; others urged that it was now five o'clock, that vespers were beginning, and that his duty called him to attend the service. Partly forced, partly persuaded by the argument, partly feeling that his doom called him thither, he rose and moved; but seeing that his cross-staff was not as usual borne before him, he stopped and called for it. Thrice they were delayed, even in that short passage; for thrice he broke loose from them. At last they reached the door of the lower north transept of the cathedral, and here was presented a new scene.

The vespers had already begun, and the monks were singing their service in the choir, when two boys rushed up the nave, announcing, more by their terrified gestures than by their words, that the soldiers were bursting into the palace and the monastery. Instantly the service was thrown into the utmost confusion; part remained at prayer, part fled into the numerous hiding-places which the vast fabric affords, and part went down the steps of the choir into the transept to meet the little band at the door. "Come in, come in!" exclaimed one of them; "come in, and let us die together!" The Archbishop continued to stand outside, and said, "Go and finish the service. So long as you keep in the entrance, I shall not come in." Becket, who had stepped some paces into the cathedral, but was resisting the solicitations of those immediately about him to move up into the choir for safety, darted back, calling aloud as he went, "Away, you cowards! By virtue of your obedience I command you not to shut the door; the church must not be turned into a castle."

It was, we must remember, about five o'clock in a winter evening. The transept in which the knights found themselves is the same as that which, though with considerable changes in its arrangements, is still known by its ancient name of "The Martyrdom." At the moment of their entrance the central pillar exactly intercepted their view of the Archbishop ascending the eastern staircase. Fitzurse, with his drawn sword in one hand, and a carpenter's axe in the other, sprang in first, and turned at once to the right of the pillar. The other three went round it to the left. In the dim twilight they could just discern a group of figures mounting the steps. One of the knights called out to them, "Stay!" Another, "Where is Thomas Becket, traitor to the king?" No answer was returned. Fitzurse rushed forward, and exclaimed, "Where is the Archbishop?" Instantly the answer came: "Reginald, here I am—no traitor, but the Archbishop and Priest of God; what do you wish?" Attired, we are told, in his white rochet, with a cloak and hood thrown over his shoulders, he thus suddenly confronted his assailants.

The well-known horror which in that age was felt at an act of sacrilege, together with the sight of the crowds who were rushing in from the town through the nave, turned their efforts for the next few moments to carry him out of the church. Fitzurse threw down the axe, and tried to drag him out by the collar of his long cloak, calling, "Come with us; you are our prisoner." "I will not fly, you detestable fellow!" was Becket's reply, roused to his usual vehemence and wrenching the cloak out of Fitzurse's grasp. Becket set his back against the pillar and resisted with all his might; whilst Grim, vehemently remonstrating, threw his arms around him to aid his efforts. In the scuffle Becket fastened upon Tracy, shook him by his coat of mail, and exerting his great strength, flung him down on the pavement. It was hopeless to carry on the attempt to remove him, and, in the final struggle which now began, Fitzurse, as before, took the lead. But as he approached with his drawn sword, the sight of him kindled afresh the Archbishop's anger, now heated by the fray; the spirit of the chancellor rose within him, and with a coarse epithet, not calculated to turn away his adversary's wrath, he exclaimed, "You profligate wretch, you are my man—you have done me fealty—you ought not to touch me!" Fitzurse, glowing all over with rage, retorted, "I owe you no fealty or homage, contrary to my fealty to the King," and waving the sword over his head cried, "Strike, strike!" (*Ferez, ferez!*) but merely dashed off his cap. The Archbishop covered his eyes with his joined hands, bent his neck, and said, "I commend my cause and the cause of the Church to God, to Saint Denys the martyr of France, to Saint Alfege, and to the saints of the Church." Meantime Tracy, who since his fall had thrown off his



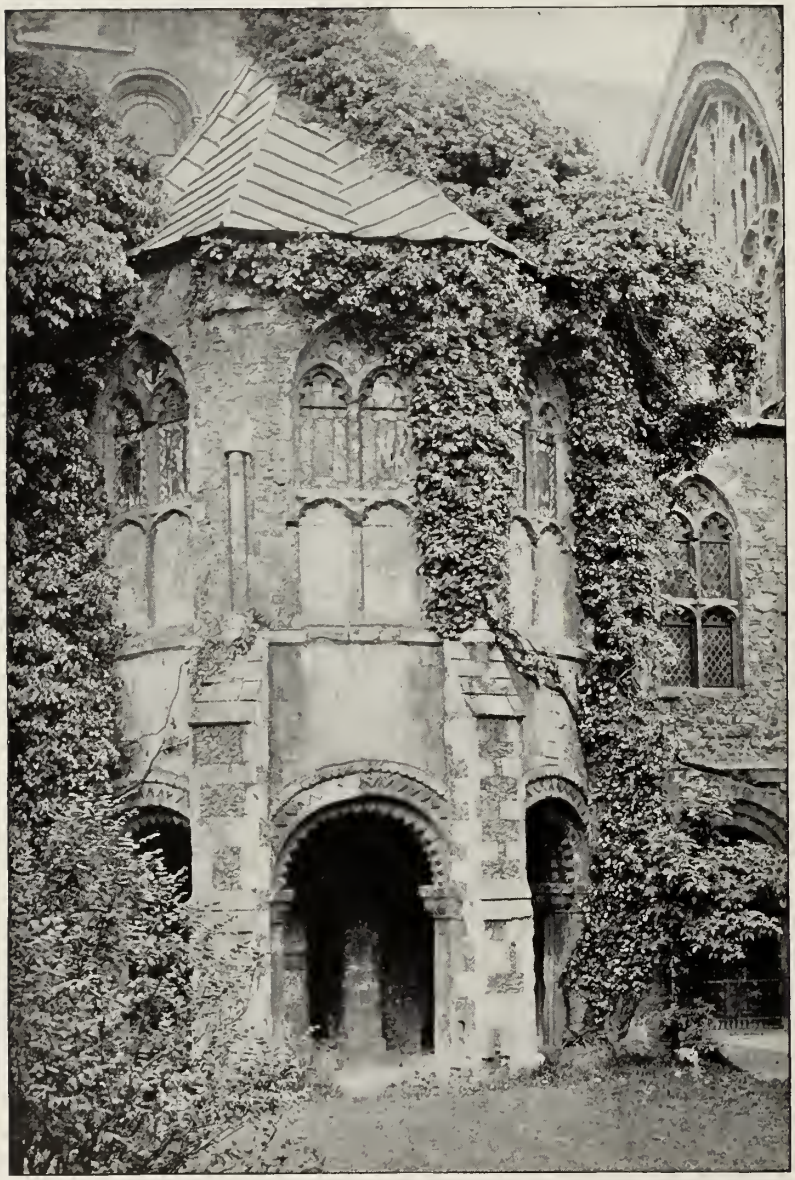
TRANSEPT OF MARTYRDOM.

hauberk to move more easily, sprang forward, and struck a more decided blow. Grim, who up to this moment had his arm round Becket, threw it up, wrapped in a cloak, to intercept the blade, Becket exclaiming, "Spare this defence!" The sword lighted on the arm of the monk, which fell wounded or broken; and he fled disabled to the nearest altar, probably that of St. Benedict, within the chapel.

The blood from the first blow was trickling down Becket's face in a thin streak; he wiped it with his arm, and when he saw the stain, he said, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." At the third blow, which was also from Tracy, he sank on his knees—his arms falling, but his hands still joined as if in prayer. With his face turned towards the altar of St. Benedict, he murmured in a low voice—which might just have been caught by the wounded Grim, who was crouching close by, and who alone reports the words—"For the name of Jesus, and the defence of the Church, I am willing to die." Without moving hand or foot, he fell flat on his face as he spoke, in front of the corner wall of the chapel, and with such dignity that his mantle, which extended from head to foot, was not disarranged. In this posture he received from Richard the Breton a tremendous blow, accompanied with the exclamation (in allusion to a quarrel of Becket with Prince William), "Take this for love of my Lord William, brother of the King!" The stroke was aimed with such violence that the scalp or crown of the head—which, it was remarked, was of unusual size—was severed from the skull, and the sword snapped in two on the marble pavement. The fracture of the murderous weapon was reported by one of the eyewitnesses as a presage of the ultimate discomfiture of the Archbishop's enemies. Hugh of Horsea, the subdeacon who had joined them as they entered the church, taunted by the others with having taken no share in the deed, planted his foot on the neck of the corpse, thrust his sword into the ghastly wound, and scattered the brains over the pavement. "Let us go, let us go," he said, in conclusion. "The traitor is dead; he will rise no more."

It was not till the night had quite closed in, that Osbert, the chamberlain of the Archbishop, entering with a light, found the corpse lying on its face, the scalp hanging by a piece of skin; he cut off a piece of his shirt to bind up the frightful gash. The doors of the cathedral were again opened, and the monks returned to the spot. Then, for the first time, they ventured to give way to their grief, and a loud lamentation resounded through the stillness of the night. When they turned the body with its face upwards, all were struck by the calmness and beauty of the countenance: a smile still seemed to play on the features, the color on the cheeks was fresh, and the eyes were closed as if in sleep. After tying up the head with clean linen, and fastening the cap over it, they placed the body on a bier, and carried it up the successive flights of steps which led from the

transept through the choir—"the glorious choir," as it was called, "of Conrad"—to the high altar, in front of which they laid it down. The night was now far advanced, but the choir was usually lighted — and probably, therefore, on this great occasion—by a chandelier with twenty-four wax tapers. Vessels were placed underneath the body to catch any drops of blood that might fall, and the monks sat around weeping. The aged Robert, Canon of Merton, the earliest friend and instructor of Becket, and one of the three who had remained with him to the last, consoled them by a narration of the austere life of the martyred prelate, which hitherto had been known only to himself, as the confessor of the Primate, and to Brun the valet. In proof of it he thrust his hand under the garments, and showed the monk's habit and haircloth shirt, which he wore next to his skin. This was the one thing wanted to raise the enthusiasm of the bystanders to the highest pitch.



NORMAN BAPISTERY.

Early in the next day a rumour or message came to the monks that Robert de Broc forbade them to bury the body among the tombs of the Archbishops. They accordingly closed the doors, which apparently had remained open through the night to admit the populace, and determined to bury the corpse in the crypt. Thither they carried it, and in that venerable vault proceeded to their mournful task.

The fortunes of the King grew darker and darker with the rebellion of his sons. It was this which led to the great penance at Canterbury. [1174.] He arrived at Southampton on Monday, the 8th of July. From that moment he began to live

on the penitential diet of bread and water, and deferred all business till he had fulfilled his vow. At St. Dunstan's Church, he entered the edifice with the prelates who were present, stripped off his ordinary dress, and walked through the streets in the guise of a penitent pilgrim—barefoot, and with no other covering than a woolen shirt, and a cloak thrown over it to keep off rain. So, amidst a wondering crowd—the rough stones of the streets marked with the blood that started from his feet—he reached the cathedral. There he knelt in the porch, then entered the church, and went straight to the scene of the murder in the north transept. Here he knelt again, and kissed the sacred stone on which the Archbishop had fallen, the prelates standing round to receive his confession. Thence he was conducted to the crypt, where he again knelt, and with groans and tears kissed the tomb and remained long in prayer. At this stage of the solemnity Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London—the ancient opponent and rival of Becket—addressed the monks and bystanders, announcing to them the King's penitence. The King requested absolution, and received a kiss of reconciliation from the prior. He knelt again at the tomb, removed the rough cloak which had been thrown over his shoulders, but still retained the woolen shirt to hide the haircloth, which was visible to near observation, next his skin, placed his head and shoulders in the tomb, and there received five strokes from each bishop and abbot who was present, beginning with Foliot, who stood by with the "balai," or monastic rod, in his hand, and three from each of the eighty monks. Fully absolved, he resumed his clothes, but was still left in the crypt, resting against one of the rude Norman pillars, on the bare ground, with bare feet still unwashed from the muddy streets, and passed the whole night fasting. For those who believe that an indiscriminate maintenance of ecclesiastical claims is the best service they can render to God and the Church, and that opposition to the powers that be is enough to entitle a bishop to the honours of a saint and a hero, it may not be without instruction to remember that the Constitutions of Clarendon, which Becket spent his life in opposing, and of which his death procured the suspension, are now incorporated in the English law, and are regarded, without a dissentient voice, as among the wisest and most necessary of English institutions; that the especial point for which he surrendered his life was not the independence of the clergy from the encroachments of the crown, but the personal and now forgotten question of the superiority of the See of Canterbury to the See of York.

EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

EVERY one who has endeavoured to study history must be struck by the advantage which those enjoy who live within the neighbourhood of great historical monuments. To have seen the place where a great event happened; to have seen the picture, the statue, the tomb, of an illustrious man—is the next thing to being present at the event in person, to seeing the scene with our own eyes. In this respect few spots in England are more highly favoured than Canterbury. It is not too much to say that if any one were to go through the various spots of interest in or around our great cathedral, and ask what happened here—who was the man whose tomb we see—why was he buried here—what effect did his life or his death have on the world—a real knowledge of the history of England would be obtained, such as the mere reading of books or hearing of lectures would utterly fail to supply. If any one asks why Canterbury is what it is—why from this small town the first subject in this great kingdom takes his title—why we have any cathedral at all—the answer is to be found in that great event, the most important that has ever occurred in English history—the conversion of Ethelbert, King of Kent, by the first missionary, Augustine. And if you would understand this, it will lead you to make out for yourselves the history of the Saxon kings. And then if you enter the cathedral, you will find in the tombs which lie within its walls remembrances of almost every reign in the history of England. Augustine and the first seven Archbishops are buried at St. Augustine's; but from that time to the Reformation they have, with a very few exceptions, been buried in the cathedral, and even where no tombs are left, the places where they were buried are for the most part known. And the Archbishops being at the time not only the chief ecclesiastics, but also the chief officers of state in the kingdom, their graves tell you not merely the history of the English clergy, but also of the whole Commonwealth and State of England besides. It is for this reason that there is no church, no place in the kingdom, with the exception of Westminster Abbey, that is so closely connected with the general history of our common country. The kings before the Reformation are for the most part in the Abbey; but their prime ministers, so to speak, are for the most part in Canterbury Cathedral.

Ask who it was that first laid out the monastery, and who it was that laid the foundations of the cathedral as it now stands, and you will find that it was Lanfranc, the new Archbishop whom William the Conqueror brought over with him from Normandy, and who thus re-established the old church with his Norman workmen. Then look at the venerable tower on the south side of the cathedral, and ask who lies buried within, and from whom it takes its name, and you will find yourself with

Anselm, the wise counsellor of William Rufus and Henry I.—Anselm, the great theologian, who of all the Primates of the See of Canterbury is the best known by his life and writings throughout the world. And then we come to the most remarkable event that has happened at Canterbury since the arrival of Augustine, and of which the effect may be traced not in one part only, but almost through every stone in the cathedral—the murder of Becket, followed by the penance of Henry II. and the long succession of Canterbury pilgrims. Then, in the south aisle, the effigy of Hubert Walter brings before us the camp of the Crusaders at Acre, where he was appointed Archbishop by Richard I. Next look at that simple tomb in St. Michael's Chapel, half in and half out of the church, and you will be brought to the time of King John; for it is the grave of Stephen Langton, who more than any one man won for us the Magna Charta. Then look back at the north transept, at the wooden statue that lies in the corner. That is the grave of Archbishop Peckham, in the reign of King Edward I.; and close beside that spot King Edward I. was married. And now we come to the reign of King Edward III. And so we might pass on to Archbishop Sudbury, who lost his head in the reign of Richard II.; to Henry IV., who lies there himself; to Chichele, who takes us on to Henry V. and Henry VI.; to Morton, who reminds us of Henry VII. and Sir Thomas More; to Warham, the friend of Erasmus, predecessor of Archbishop Cranmer; and then to the subsequent troubles —of which the cathedral still bears the marks—in the Reformation and the Civil Wars.

TOMB OF THE BLACK PRINCE.

Let us place ourselves in imagination by the tomb of the most illustrious layman who rests among us, Edward Plantagenet, Prince of Wales, commonly called

the Black Prince. Let us ask whose likeness is it that we there see stretched before us—why was he buried in this place, amongst the Archbishops and sacred shrines of former times? The events of his life which have made him famous in war were the two great battles of Cressy and of Poitiers. It is enough for us to remember that the war was undertaken by Edward III. to gain the crown of France—a claim, through his mother, which he had solemnly relinquished, but which he now resumed to satisfy the scruples of his allies, the citizens of Ghent, who thought that their oath of allegiance to the "King of France" would be redeemed if their leader did but bear the name.

FRENCH CHAPEL IN THE CRYPT.

Canterbury had soon a substantial connection with the Black Prince. In 1363 he married his cousin Joan in the chapel at Windsor, which witnessed no other royal wedding till that beautiful and touching day which witnessed the union of our own Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. Of these nuptials Edward the Black Prince left a memorial in the beautiful chapel still to be seen in the crypt of the cathedral, where two priests were to pray for his soul, first in his lifetime, and also, according to the practice of those times, after his death. It is now, by a strange turn of fortune, which adds another link to the historical interest of the place, the entrance to the chapel of the French congregation—the descendants of the very nation whom he conquered at Poitiers; but you can still trace the situa-

tion of the two altars where his priests stood, and on the groined vaultings you can see his arms and the arms of his father, and, in connection with the joyful event, in thankfulness for which he founded the chapel, what seems to be the face of his beautiful wife, commonly known as the Fair Maid of Kent.

Seldom, if ever, has the death of one man so deeply struck the sympathy of the English people. Our fathers saw the mourning of the whole country over the Princess Charlotte, and the great funeral procession which conveyed the remains of Nelson to their resting-place in St. Paul's—we ourselves have seen the deep grief over the death of our most illustrious statesman. For nearly four months—from the 8th of June to the 29th of September—the coffined body lay in state at Westminster, and then as soon as Parliament met again, as usual in those times, on the festival of Michaelmas, was brought to Canterbury. It was laid in a stately hearse, drawn by twelve black horses; and the whole Court, and both houses of Parliament, followed in deep mourning. On entering Canterbury they paused at the west gate. Here they were met—so the Prince had desired in his will—by two chargers, fully caparisoned, and mounted by two riders in complete armour—one bearing the Prince's arms of England and France, the other the ostrich feathers; one to represent the Prince in his splendid suit as he rode in war, the other to represent him in black as he rode to tournaments. Four black banners followed. So they passed through the streets of the city, till they reached the gate of the Precincts. Here, according to the custom, the armed men halted, and the body was carried into the cathedral. In the space between the high altar and the choir a bier was placed to receive it, whilst the funeral services were read, surrounded with burning tapers and with all the heraldic pomp which marked his title and rank.

Let us turn to that tomb, and see how it sums up his whole life. Its bright colors have long since faded, but enough still remains to show what it was as it stood after the sacred remains had been placed within it. There he lies: no other memorial of him exists in the world so authentic. There he lies, as he had directed, in full armour, his head resting on his helmet, his feet with the likeness of "the spurs he won" at Cressy, his hands joined as in that last prayer which he had offered up on his death-bed. There you can see his fine face with the Plantagenet features, the flat cheeks and the well-chiselled nose, to be traced perhaps in the effigy of his father in Westminster Abbey and of his grandfather in Gloucester Cathedral. On his armour you can still see the marks of the bright gilding with which the figure was covered from head to foot, so as to make it look like an image of pure gold. High above are suspended the brazen gauntlets, the helmet, with what was once its gilded leopard-crest, and the wooden shield; the velvet coat also, embroidered with the arms of France and England, now tattered and colourless, but then blazing with blue and scarlet. There, too, still hangs the empty scabbard of the sword wielded perchance

at his three great battles, and which Oliver Cromwell, it is said, carried away. On the canopy over the tomb there is the faded representation—painted after the strange fashion of those times—of the Persons of the Holy Trinity, which he directed in his will should be hung round his tomb and the shrine of Becket. Round about the tomb, too, you will see the ostrich feathers, which, according to the old but doubtful tradition, we are told he won at Cressy from the blind King of Bohemia, who perished in the thick of the fight; and interwoven with them, the famous motto, with which he used to sign his name, *Houmout*, *Ich diene*.

CHRIST CHURCH GATEWAY.

In the centre of the crypt, on the spot where you now see the gravestone of Archbishop Morton, it had been his wish to be laid, as expressed in the will which he signed only the day before his death. But those who were concerned with the funeral had prepared for him a more magnificent resting-place; not in the darkness of the crypt, but high aloft in the sacred space behind the altar, and on the south side of the shrine of St. Thomas, in the chapel itself of the Holy Trinity, on the festival of which he had expired, they determined that the body of the hero should be laid. That space is now surrounded with monuments; then it was entirely, or almost entirely, vacant. The gorgeous shrine stood in the centre on its coloured pavement, but no other corpse had been admitted within that venerated ground—no other, perhaps, would have been admitted but that of the Black Prince. In this sacred spot—believed at that time to be the most sacred spot in England—the tomb stood in which, "alone in his glory," the Prince was to be deposited, to be seen and admired by all the countless pilgrims who crawled up the stone steps beneath it on their way to the shrine of the saint.

THE SHRINE OF BECKET.

AMONGST the many treasures of art and of devotion which once adorned or which still adorn the metropolitical cathedral, the one point to which for more than three centuries the attention of every stranger who entered its gates was directed, was the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury. For the few years immediately succeeding his death, there was no regular shrine. The popular enthusiasm still clung to the two spots immediately connected with the murder. The transept in which he died within five years from that time acquired the name by which it has ever since been known, "The Martyrdom." Next to the actnal scene of the murder, the object which this event invested with especial sanctity was the tomb in which his remains were deposited in the crypt behind the altar of the Virgin. It was to this spot that the first great rush of pilgrims was made when the church was reopened in 1172, and it was here that Henry performed his penance. Hither, on the 21st of Augnst, 1179, came the first King of France who ever set foot on the shores of England, Louis VII.; warned by Saint Thomas in dreams, and afterwards, as he believed, receiving his son back from a dangerous illness through the saint's intercession. He knelt by the tomb, and offered upon it the celebrated jewel, as also his own rich cup of gold.

About four years after the murder, on the 5th of September, 1174, a fire broke out in the cathedral, which rednced the choir—hitherto its chief architectural glory—to ashes. The grief of the people is described in terms which show how closely the expression of mediæval feeling resembled what can now only be seen in Italy or the East: "They tore their hair; they beat the walls and pavement of the church with their shoulders and the palms of their hands; they uttered tremendous curses against God and his saints—even the patron saint of the church; they wished they had rather have died than seen such a day." How far more like the description of a Neapolitan mob in disappointment at the slow liquefaction of the blood of Saint Januarius, than of the citizens of a quiet cathedral town in the county of Kent! The monks, though appalled by the calamity for a time, soon recovered themselves; workmen and architects, French and English, were procured; and amongst the former, William, from the city of Sens, so familiar to all Canterbury at that period as the scene of Becket's exile. No observant traveler can have seen the two cathedrals without remarking how closely the details of William's workmanship at Canterbury were suggested by his recollections of his own church at Sens, built a short time before. The forms of the pillars, the vaulting of the roof, even the very bars and patterns of the windows, are almost identical.

According to the precise system of orientation adopted by the German and Celtic nations, the eastern portion of the church was in those countries regarded as pre-eminently sacred. Thither the high altar was gradually moved, and to it the eyes of the congregation were specially directed. And in the eagerness to give a higher and holier even than the highest and the holiest place to any great saint on whom popular devotion was fastened, there sprang up in most of the larger churches during the thirteenth century a fashion of throwing out a still farther eastern end, in which the shrine or altar of the saint might be erected, and to which, therefore, not merely the gaze of the whole congregation, but of the officiating priest himself, even as he stood before the high altar, might be constantly turned. Thus, according to Fuller's quaint remark, the superstitious reverence for the dead reached its highest pitch—"the porch saying to the church-yard, the church to the porch, the chancel to the church, the east end to all, 'Stand further off, I am holier than thou.'" These were the general principles which determined the space to be allotted to the shrine of St. Thomas in the reconstruction of Canterbury Cathedral. In earlier times the easternmost chapel had contained an altar of the Holy Trinity, where Becket had been accustomed to say Mass. Partly for the sake of preserving the two old Norman towers of St. Anselm and St. Andrew, which stood on the north and south sides of this part of the church, but chiefly for the sake of fitly uniting to the church this eastern chapel on an enlarged scale, the pillars of the choir were contracted with that singular curve which attracts the eye of every spectator. The eastern end of the cathedral, thus enlarged, formed, as at Ely, a more spacious receptacle for the honoured remains; the new Trinity Chapel, reaching considerably beyond the extreme limit of its predecessor, and opening beyond into a yet further chapel, popularly called "Becket's Crown." High in the tower of St. Anselm, on the south side of the destined site of so great a treasure, was prepared—a usual accompaniment of costly shrines—the "Watching Chamber." It is a rude apartment, with a fireplace where the watcher could warm himself during the long winter nights, and a narrow gallery between the pillars, whence he could overlook the whole platform of the shrine, and at once detect any sacrilegious robber who was attracted by the immense treasures there collected.

When the cathedral was thus duly prepared, the time came for what, in the language of those days, was termed the "translation" of the relics. The Primate to whose work the lot fell was one whose name commands far more unquestioned respect than the weak King Henry; it was the Cardinal Archbishop, the great Stephen Langton, whose work still remains amongst us in the familiar division of the Bible into chapters, and in the Magna Charta, which he was the chief means of wresting from the reluctant John.

On the eve of the appointed day the Archbishop, with Richard, Bishop of Salisbury, and the whole body of monks, headed by their prior, Walter, entered the

BECKET'S CROWN.

crypt by night with psalms and hymns; and after prayer and fasting, at midnight solemnly approached the tomb and removed the stones which closed it, and with tears of joy saw for the first time the remains of the saint. Four priests, distinguished for the sanctity of their lives, took out the relics—first the head, (then, as always, kept separate,) and offered it to be kissed. The bones were then deposited in a chest well studded with iron nails and closed with iron locks, and laid in a secret chamber.

The next day a long procession entered the cathedral. It was headed by the young king—"King Henry, the young child." Next was the Italian Pandulf, Bishop of Norwich, and Legate of the Holy See; and Archbishop Langton, accom-

NORMAN PORCH.

panied by his brother Primate of France, the Archbishop of Rheims. With them was Hubert de Burgh, the Lord High Justiciary and greatest statesman of his time, and "four great lordlings, noble men and tried." On the shoulders of this distinguished band the chest was raised, and the procession moved forward. Mass was celebrated by the French Primate, in the midst of nearly the whole episcopate of the province of Canterbury, before an altar which, placed in front of the screen of the choir, was visible to the vast congregation assembled in the nave. The day was enrolled amongst the great festivals of the English Church as the Feast of the Translation of Saint Thomas.

And now began the long succession of pilgrimages which for three centuries gave Canterbury a place amongst the great resorts of Christendom, and which, through Chaucer's poem, have given it a lasting hold on the memory of Englishmen as long as English literature exists. As relics took the place of all the various natural objects of interest which now occupy the minds of religious, literary, or scientific men, so pilgrimages took the place of modern tours. A pilgrim was a traveler with the same adventures, stories, pleasures, pains, as travelers now; the very names by which we express the most listless wanderings are taken from pilgrimages to the most solemn places.

TOMB OF ARCHBISHOP TAIT.

At the church door the miscellaneous company of pilgrims had to arrange themselves "every one after his degree"—

> "The courtesy 'gan to rise
> Till the knight of gentleness that knew right well the guise,
> Put forth the prelate, the parson, and his fere."

Here they encountered a monk, who with the "sprengel" sprinkled all their heads with holy water. After this,

> "The knight went with his compeers round the holy shrine,
> To do that they were come for, and after for to dine."

The first object was the Transept of the Martyrdom. To this they were usually taken through the dark passage under the steps leading to the choir. They were next led down the steps on the right to the crypt, where a new set

THE CHOIR.

of guardians received them. On great occasions the gloom of the old Norman aisles was broken by the long array of lamps suspended from the rings still seen in the roof, each surrounded by its crown of thorns. Here were exhibited some of the actual relics of Saint Thomas—part of his skull, cased in silver, and also presented to be kissed; and hanging aloft the celebrated shirt and drawers of hair-cloth, which had struck such awe into the hearts of the monks on the night of his death.

Emerging from the crypt, the pilgrims mounted the steps to the choir, on the north side of which the great mass of general relics were exhibited. Most of them were in ivory, gilt, or silver coffers. The bare list of these occupies eight folio pages, and comprises upwards of four hundred items; some of these always, but especially the arm of Saint George, were offered to be kissed.

> "The holy relics each man with his mouth
> Kissed, as a goodly monk the names told and taught."

And now they have reached the holiest place. Behind the altar, as has been already observed, was erected the shrine itself. What seems to have impressed every pilgrim who has left the record of his visit, as absolutely peculiar to Canterbury, was the long succession of ascents, by which "church seemed," as they said, "to be piled on church," and "a new temple entered as soon as the first was ended." This unrivalled elevation of the sanctuary of Canterbury was partly necessitated by the position of the original crypt, partly by the desire to construct the shrine immediately above the place of the saint's original grave—that place itself being beautified by the noble structure which now encloses it. Up these steps the pilgrims mounted, many of them probably on their knees; and the long and deep indentations in the surface of the stones even now bear witness to the devotion and the number of those who once ascended to the sacred platform of the eastern chapel. Near these steps, not improbably, they received exhortations from one or more of the monks as they approached the sacred place.

We now arrive at the shrine. Although not a trace of it remains, yet its position is ascertainable beyond a doubt, and it is easy from analogy and description to imagine its appearance. The lower part of the shrine was of stone, supported on arches; and between these arches the sick and lame pilgrims were allowed to ensconce themselves, rubbing their rheumatic backs or diseased legs and arms against the marble which brought them into the nearest contact with the wonder-working body within. The shrine, properly so called, rested on these arches, and was at first invisible. It was concealed by a wooden canopy, probably painted outside with sacred pictures, suspended from the roof; at a given signal this canopy was drawn up by ropes, and the shrine then appeared blazing with gold and jewels; the wooden sides were plated with gold, and damasked with gold wire; cramped together on this gold

ground were innumerable jewels, pearls, sapphires, balassas, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, and also, "in the midst of the gold," rings, or cameos, of sculptured agates, carnelians, and onyx stones.

As soon as this magnificent sight was disclosed, every one dropped on his knees; and probably the tinkling of the silver bells attached to the canopy would indicate the moment to all the hundreds of pilgrims in whatever part of the cathedral they might be. The body of the saint in the inner iron chest was not to be seen except by mounting a ladder, which would be but rarely allowed. But whilst the votaries knelt around, the prior, or some other great officer of the monastery, came forward, and with a white wand touched the several jewels, naming the giver of each, and, for the benefit of foreigners, adding the French name of each, with a description of its value and marvellous qualities.

The lid once more descended on the golden ark; the pilgrims,

> "telling heartily their beads,
> Prayed to Saint Thomas in such wise as they could,"

and then withdrew, down the opposite flight of steps from that which they had ascended. So completely were the records of the shrine destroyed, that the cathedral archives throw hardly the slightest light either on its existence or its removal. And its site has remained, from that day to this, a vacant space, with the marks of the violence of the destruction even yet visible on the broken pavement.

Round it still lie the tombs of king and prince and archbishop; the worn marks on the stones show the reverence of former ages. But the place itself is vacant, and the lessons which that vacancy has to teach us must now take the place of the lessons of the ancient shrine. In proportion to our thankfulness that ancient superstitions are destroyed, should be our anxiety that new light and increased zeal and more active goodness should take their place. Our pilgrimage cannot be Geoffrey Chaucer's, but it may be John Bunyan's. In that true "Pilgrim's Way" to a better country, we have all of us to toil over many a rugged hill, over many a dreary plain, by many opposite and devious paths, cheering one another by all means, grave and gay, till we see the distant towers. In that pilgrimage and progress towards all things good and wise and holy, Canterbury Cathedral, let us humbly trust, may still have a part to play. Although it is no longer the end in the long journey, it may still be a stage in our advance; it may still enlighten, elevate, sanctify, those who come within its reach; it may still, if it be true to its high purpose, win for itself, in the generations which are to come after us, a glory more humble but not less excellent than when a hundred thousand worshipers lay prostrate before the shrine of its ancient hero.

DIGNITARIES.

ARCHBISHOP TAIT.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL TAIT, D. D.

THE late Archbishop Archibald Campbell Tait, (born 1811, died 1882,) as might be surmised from his name, was of Scotch Presbyterian descent. He first achieved notoriety as one of the four tutors who protested against Dr. Newman's misconstruction of the Thirty-nine Articles in Tract 90. In 1842 he succeeded Dr. Arnold as Master of Rugby. In 1856 he became Bishop of London, in which position he was signally successful, throwing himself vigourously into his work. In a few years he raised nearly £350,000 for the Bishop of London's fund for the building of churches, schools and parsonages, and largely increased the number of workers in his Diocese. He refused the Archbishopric of York, and in 1868 accepted that of Canterbury. During his Archbishopric he had to deal with many burning questions, and to steer the ship of the Church through stormy seas. He was thoroughly equal to the duties of his high station, possibly rather more statesman than priest, tolerant as a rule, yet knowing when firmness was needed, and very seldom making a false step.

EDWARD WHITE BENSON, D. D.

THE Most Reverend Edward White Benson, D. D., (born 1829,) the present occupant of the chair of Augustine at Canterbury, and Primate of all England, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, an assistant master at Rugby School, and in 1858 the first Head-master of Wellington College, holding that position until he became Chancellor of Lincoln Cathedral, in 1872. In December, 1876, at the recommendation of Lord Beaconsfield, he was nominated to the newly restored Bishopric of Truro, and consecrated in St. Paul's, April 25, 1877. He displayed great energy of organisation, began the building of a cathedral at his See city, the first built in England since the Reformation, and raised by his personal efforts much of the £100,000 which its outward shell alone cost. In December, 1882, at Mr. Gladstone's recommendation, he was nominated to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. In his ecclesiastical policy he has been conservative and conciliatory, yet not without the courage of his convictions when necessary. Though a liberal High-churchman rather than a controversialist, in his celebrated judgement in the "Lincoln case" he evinced a desire to decide with a full knowledge of the law and the usage of the Church, much to his credit, and calculated to give great weight to the conclusions reached by him. In defence of the Church over which he presides he has been firm and decided in opposition to all schemes for her spoliation, and recently has taken active steps to arouse the laity against its disendowment.

ARCHBISHOP BENSON.

YORK MINSTER.

YORK MINSTER.

YORK MINSTER.

SIR WALTER SCOTT calls this cathedral "the most august of temples, the noble Minster of York," and its most devoted lover can never complain that it has not in every age received its due share of veneration. Let us look first at the west front, that exquisite specimen of Gothic art, which "has been compared with the celebrated façade at Rheims Cathedral for richness, sublimity, and beauty of architectural design; it is certainly not surpassed by that of any church in England in its fine proportions, chaste enrichments, or scientific arrangements." An eight-pinnacled tower rises at each side, and between is a gable with perforated battlement, surmounted by a crocketed pinnacle. The central doorway is divided into two by a slender shaft, as is not unusual, but the space beneath the deep vaulting of the arch is filled with a circular six-light window, which is an uncommon, if not unique, arrangement. Over this is a crocketed gable, in the centre of which is a niche containing the statue of Archbishop Melton, who finished the building of the western part of the nave. "He sits, graven in stone, in his archiepiscopal attire, with his hand still raised in the attitude of benediction. Over his head is the finest Gothic window in the world, built in all probability by himself, and still beaming with the glowing colours with which he adorned it nearly five hundred and fifty years ago. On either hand is an effigy of a benefactor of the church, the heads of the noble houses of Vavasour and Percy, bearing in their arms the wood and stone which they once gave."

The nave was begun by Archbishop Romaine in 1291, and finished by Archbishop Melton in 1330. Archbishop Roger (1154–1181) built the choir with its crypts, with the archiepiscopal palace to the north of the cathedral, and the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre between the two buildings. He gave one of St. Peter's bones and part of his sandals to the church. These were put into a crucifix of gold, and were among the things sent for the ransom of Cœur-de-Lion, but were afterwards redeemed. He waged long and actively the war with Canterbury about the question of supremacy and "bearing the cross," the right to carry that symbol erect belonging exclusively to the Primate. At the Council of Westminster, September, 1102, Gerald

of York kicked over the chair prepared for him, because it was on a lower level than that put for Anselm of Canterbury. Roger vindicated his claim in an even more amusing and undignified way, and this also at a Council at Westminster.

This is the largest nave in any English cathedral, and, as in the case of that other, St. Peter's, in a sunnier city, the proportions are so exquisite that the eye takes some time to realise the size. All is so simple, so grand, and fault-finders add "so cold." Perhaps there is a little want of colour, but where form is so perfect one could scarcely wish, even for the sake of warmth, to risk the loss of purity. Most of the windows retain their original glass, fairly perfect, and

YORK—FROM THE RAILWAY STATION.

here and there a shimmering bit of colour is cast to the ground, but this is never by the oldest glass, which always transmits pure light. No satisfactory explanation has been given of this, and some say it is a "lost art;" is it not more probably the result of the outside surface of the old glass being roughened by the weather? or may it not be that in the old windows the dark patches are generally surrounded by clear glass, the rays of which diverge and absorb those which pass through the dark ones before reaching the floor? The glass of many of the windows is very much out of plumb, owing to the melting of the lead which binds it together during the fire of 1840. This catastrophe took place on the night of May 20th, when the whole

nave was burnt up to the central tower; this the fire could not pass, as there was nothing in it to burn. It originated in the south-west tower, where some workmen are supposed to have left a light. The metal of the melted bells poured down among the ruins, and was collected, and for years snuff-boxes, &c., made of "bell-metal," were a staple commodity among the curiosity vendors of the city. The new bells rang for the first time on July 4, 1844. "Great Peter," who occupies the other tower, does not "utter forth his glorious voice" quite as often as some of us could wish. He has to be struck by a hammer, because, owing to his enormous weight, the machinery has never been arranged for ringing him.

THE "FIVE SISTERS."

Let us pass up the nave, now noticing a stone dragon which projects from the triforium, and from which at one time hung the canopy of the font, and now wondering if Charles I. were not right after all when he ordered the organ to be removed because it spoilt the view of the east window. We pause at the south-east corner of the nave. It was upon this spot that Archbishop John Romanus stood on April 6, 1291, to lay the foundation stone of this his great work, and to call down the blessing of the Holy Ghost upon it. What would he look round and see? To the right Roger's Norman choir, almost above his head the great tower, and beyond it the north transept, both of which his father had built—noble example to any son. The "Five Sisters" would look down on him much as they do now on us; behind him would be the transept and tomb of Walter Gray, and before him

the ruins of the Norman nave, built by Thomas, burnt in 1137, and which he was preparing to make even as we see it now.

The central tower, the largest in England, was built about 1260 by John Romanus the elder, treasurer of the cathedral, who enclosed the Norman piers in the present many-shafted pillars. As William of Wykeham was at that time a good deal in York, and also a friend of the Archbishop, probably so energetic a builder would have a hand in it too.

Across the two eastern pillars of the tower is the magnificent screen so justly celebrated. The carved work of the canopies is very rich. There are seven niches

THE CHOIR SCREEN.

on one side of the central doorway, and eight on the other, containing statues of the Kings of England from the Conqueror to Henry VI. The iron gate was given in the early part of last century by a Mrs. Mary Wandesford, a maiden lady, who took "brevet rank." She also endowed an "old maids' hospital" for her poorer sisters. York has always been a great place for single ladies, and the memory of five of the number is exquisitely perpetuated in the next lovely object which meets our gaze—the celebrated window of the "Five Sisters." It consists of five equal-sized lancets of the most perfect Early English. The sisters are each said to have done one panel in needle-work, and then had it copied in glass by foreign artists, but the exact when and where are not known. It is a most beautiful specimen of

late thirteenth-century painted glass, and the peculiar blending of the grisaille tints is quite unrivaled. This window fills the whole of the end of the central aisle of the north transept, which was built by John Romanus the elder, in the reign of Henry III.

Entering the choir by the door in the screen, the magnificent east window bursts into view. It is the largest in England which retains its original glazing. The number of subjects represented in glass is about one hundred and fifteen, from the Old Testament and the Revelation. The figures are generally about two feet high, the drawing is good, and the faces are exquisitely finished, resembling in style the work of the early Italian painters. It was begun by John Thornton, of Coventry, in 1405. He was to have four shillings a week, and five pounds a year in addition, and to finish it in three years, and, if the work were really well done, ten pounds at the end of that time. The altar-screen is an exquisite specimen of Perpendicular work, in perfect harmony with its surroundings, and it is unfortunate that the same cannot be said for the reredos, which is not what one might wish either in form or colour. The moulding of Tinworth's terra-cotta "Crucifixion" and the wood-carving are both good, but cannot atone for covering so much of the east window.

TINWORTH'S TERRA-COTTA "CRUCIFIXION."

Descending a few steps into the south aisle we cross to the vestry, where a great many interesting relics are preserved. Adjoining the vestry is the beautiful Early English room called Archbishop La Zouche's Chapel. He began building it in 1350, intending to be buried there, but was called away in 1352, before it was ready for him, so he was laid in the nave. Leaving the vestry, we turn to the right along the south aisle of the choir towards the Lady Chapel. The principal monuments are in this part of the cathedral, and it must be owned there are very few of any great interest or beauty.

The first crypt is nearly square. It has a groined roof supported by six short pillars, some of which have Norman capitals, all different, and some very beautiful. One has figures dancing round. The whole effect is interesting, and, with the dashes of sunlight that find their way in, quite charming, but it is perplexing to find stones of many different styles in this part of the building, so that no date can be assigned to it, and records are not explicit.

We descend a few more steps and are in the crypt proper—Roger's glorious work—begun in 1171. Four of the original magnificent pillars remain with their

zigzag and diaper pattern, and the remains of four slender pillars round each. Between them are the bases of small columns. Outside these are some walls of the older Norman church, which in some places encase the herring-bone stonework of the Saxon. But the interest of this most interesting place centres in an earthy mound just under the site of the Norman high altar. And here let us pause. This is the spot hallowed for centuries as that upon which King Edwin was baptised, and where his head was brought home to be buried. The first date that stands out clear and certain is April 12th, Easter Day, 627, when Paulinus baptised King Edwin, two of his children, and "many other persons of distinction and royal birth." A little

THE VESTRY.

wooden hut was the beginning of York Minster, but over it rose a larger church of stone, which Edwin did not live to finish. That task was accomplished about 642 by Oswald, his successor. It was repaired by St. Wilfrid about 720, and destroyed by fire in 741, rebuilt by Egbert (732–766), first Archbishop since Paulinus, and demolished by the Danes. Thomas of Bayeaux—chaplain to King William, and first Archbishop after the Conquest—rebuilt the church, but it was again burnt in 1137—this time only partially—along with St. Mary's Abbey and thirty-nine parish churches! This was in the episcopacy of Thurston, and perhaps his time was too much occupied with military matters, and rousing up the monks of St. Mary's, for

YORK MINSTER FROM THE SOUTHEAST.

him to begin any restoration. This work was taken in hand by Roger, his successor, who lived to finish the Norman choir, and the crypt of which we now speak.

The chapter-house, by some considered the gem of all, is octagonal in shape with no central pillar, a window on each side with six arches below each, and a seat under each arch separated by pillars of Purbeck marble. All sorts of quaint little carvings are in the canopies of these stalls. One is a devil taking the crown from a king's head; another a monk and a nun kissing. The original glass, mostly heraldic, of Early Decorated date, remains in all except the east window, which is modern and very humiliating.

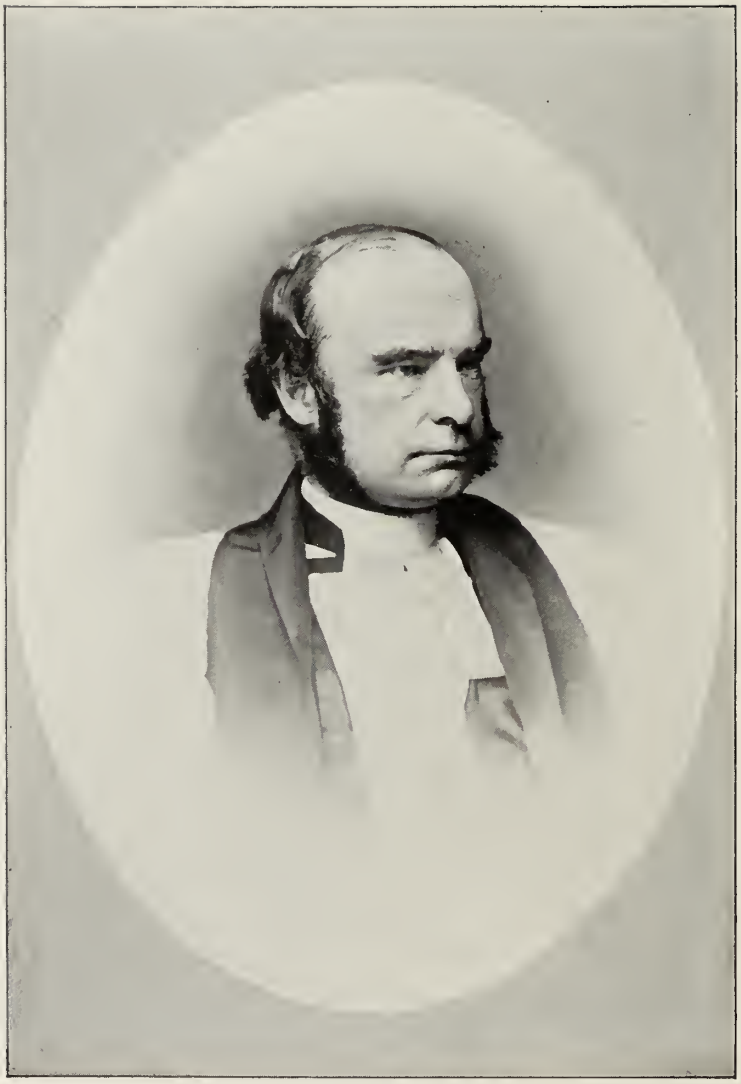
Looking back along the vale of years, how many memories come thronging up as we gaze upon York Cathedral or linger beneath its over-arching roof! Kings and saints have knelt where we kneel, have prayed where we pray. Here from age to age have come the warrior in his strength, the old man with his hoary "crown of glory," the sinner with his burden, the maiden with her joy. Here (in 1221) the Princess Joan, daughter of King John, though only eleven years old, was married to Alexander II. of Scotland, and here thirty-one years later came her little niece, Margaret of England, to be united to Alexander III. That was indeed a gay Christmas. Henry III. and his queen and court were there, and the royal family of Scotland, to witness the union of the two children. Neither the bride nor the bridegroom was yet eleven! A thousand knights in robes of silk attended the bride, while the King of Scotland was surrounded by the most distinguished vassals of his crown, and by the highest dignitaries of the Scottish Church. Tournaments and balls and processions succeeded each other for many days; and such was the number of the guests and the profuse hospitality of the hosts, that six hundred oxen were killed for one feast. In the midst of the festivities an attempt was made to make the King of Scotland do homage for his kingdom to the King of England; but the boy, with a spirit and discretion above his years, refused to take a step of such importance without the consent of the estates of his realm. It will be remembered that King William had been entrapped into that very act of homage at York by Henry I. (1175), and placed his spear and shield on the altar. At that altar (January, 1328) another and even more distinguished young couple began their long and happy married life, Edward III. and Philippa of Hainault. He was not yet seventeen, and she was only fourteen years of age. Yet another princess bride came to York, Margaret Tudor, sister of Henry VIII., when on her way to be married to James IV. of Scotland (July, 1503). She lodged in the palace of the Archbishop, and went more than once to the minster, and St. William's head was brought for her to kiss. She wore a gorgeous dress of cloth of gold. In after years she would perhaps look back at the days in York as among the palmiest of her life, for her husband hated his father-in-law, and visited his repugnance upon his wife.

From wedding to funeral—so is the way of the world. Here was buried the head of King Edwin, founder of the church, and Eadbert, one of his successors on the throne of Northumbria. Here the remains of Tosti, Tiger of the North, brother of Harold, were brought after the battle of Stamford Bridge, to rest quietly at last. Here, when pious hands brought Archbishop Gerard home to his grave (1108), the crowd pelted his coffin with stones, because he had died with his head on an astronomical book! Here is the last home of two of our noblest Archbishops, Scrope and Nevill, the first put to death by the fourth Henry, the second "done" to death by the fourth Edward, in revenge for the deeds of his brother, the king-maker; and here was laid in the cold earth the fiery Harry Hotspur. These are the towers which Cardinal Wolsey, Archbishop of York, saw from Cawood; he was summoned south before he had taken a nearer view.

NORTH AISLE OF THE CHOIR.

In conclusion, let me quote from old Drake's time-honoured volume: "Let it be then the prayer of all good men that this glorious building, the great monument of our forefathers' piety, may never want a governor less devoted to its preservation than the last two actually were or the present seems to be. That this fabrick may stand firm, and transmit to late posterity the virtues of its founders, and continue, what it has long been, not only a singular ornament to the city and these northern parts, but to the whole kingdom."

DIGNITARIES.



ARCHBISHOP MAGEE.

WILLIAM CONNOR MAGEE, D. D.

ONE of the greatest orators and most brilliant controversialists of our day passed from the scene when the last Archbishop of York, William Connor Magee, died, May 5, 1891. His oratory, persuasive clearness and terseness of expression were accompanied by withering powers of sarcasm, much logical reasoning and humourous illustration, expressed in a full-toned voice, capable of sounding every gradation of feeling. His speech in the House of Lords in opposition to the disestablishment of the Irish Church, condemning the bill as unjust, impolitic and opposed to the verdict of the nation, Lord Salisbury said the greatest authorities considered the finest speech ever delivered by any living man in either house of Parliament. "Every sentence tells and every shot hits." It is said that most orators objected to speak after him. He was consecrated November 16, 1868, Bishop of Peterborough, and ruled the Diocese wisely and vigourously, and although his strong hand occasionally provoked opposition, his efficiency was appreciated by clergy and laity.

WILLIAM DALRYMPLE MACLAGAN, D. D.

THE present occupant of the northern primacy, William Dalrymple Maclagan, D. D., a Scotchman by birth (in 1826), resembles some of our American Bishops, who were indeed of the Church militant in a very literal way before they received their spiritual commission, and fought in the Federal or Confederate armies during the Civil War. Like them, Dr. Maclagan served in early life in the army, retiring from the East Indian service with the rank of Lieutenant in 1852. Afterwards he went through an university course, and was ordained. He became Bishop of Lichfield, June 24, 1878, and was translated to York in 1891.

Dr. Maclagan's views on the attitude of the Church in relation to the social question are worth giving here, as they are of value at the present time, and apply equally well to all nations. He says: "The aims of the Church should be to regulate the relations between the wealthy and the needy, that the rich may employ their wealth, not selfishly, but for the greatest happiness for the greatest number, and this end would be brought about less by legal compulsion than by that moral influence which it is the duty of the Church in every direction to promote." As to the question of disestablishment, his belief is that the lesson of caution should be learned from the fate of the Irish Church, but hope may be had from the example of the American Church.

ARCHBISHOP MACLAGAN.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL, FROM THE BANKS OF THE WEAR.

LINDISFARNE.

DURHAM.

THE romance of this great cathedral of the north may be said to begin, as far as the visitor of to-day is concerned, with the impression which its enormous proportions make as he stands on Framwellgate Bridge. From the banks of the Wear he looks up a steep cliff to where that great pile crowns the height: "half house of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot." On the edge of the same cliff, and on a level with the cathedral, frowns the companion castle. The river Wear almost encircling the hill on which both cathedral and castle stand is the completion which nature has given to a position of unequaled security.

The origin of the cathedral connects itself with the character of the great St. Cuthbert, the saintly Bishop of Lindisfarne. The grave evangelist of the north lived in simplest and austerest manner on the Northumbrian coast. As Bishop of Lindisfarne, in succession to St. Aidan, he made a name for holiness which has never died away. He made Christ in his own age such a reality in the north that he can never be forgotten. Retired in his latter days to one of the Farne Islands, rendered illustrious centuries later by the fame of Grace Darling, Cuthbert passed thence into the life to come in the year 687. His body was brought to Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, and preserved there as a sainted relic. Two hundred years passed away, and the body of the saint rested quietly in Lindisfarne. But in 875 the Danes were fiercely

ravaging Northumbria, and in consternation at their approach the inhabitants of Holy Island fled with the precious body, and it found, for the time being, a resting-place in Chester-le-Street, half-way between Newcastle and Durham. A century later, in 995, the body was transferred to Durham and with it the seat of the northern bishopric.

The visitor to Durham Cathedral will notice in a niche of a turret on the north wall of the building the sculpture of the famous Dun Cow. The present sculpture is a modern reproduction of a much more ancient work. This curious sculpture commemorates the legend which connects itself with the choice of this site for the final resting-place of St. Cuthbert's remains. The legend runs that after the removal from Chester-le-Street, St. Cuthbert announced in a vision his determination to rest at Dun-holm. The place was unknown; but whilst the monks were wandering in search of it, a woman was heard asking another if she had seen her cow that had strayed, and the answer was, "It's down in Dun-holm." Dun-holm signifies the hill-meadow, and Durham is its modern equivalent. It was, indeed, nothing but a rough field, which the bearers of St. Cuthbert's body found when they arrived from Chester-le-Street.

THE DUN COW.

A small church of twisted boughs was at once formed until a more permanent building of wood could be prepared. This again was succeeded by a stone building, in which, in the year 999, the body of the saint was reverently laid. But a grander structure was to be the memorial of the great missionary bishop. We have come now to the Norman Conquest and to that great leap in architecture which England took under the inspiration of the continental influences for which the invasion of William the Conqueror had opened the way. Wales and Scotland with their highland fastnesses

were sources of continual danger to the security of the crown. William, therefore, formed the two Palatinate counties of Chester and Durham. These counties Palatine, as they were called, were two large areas, over each of which was placed a vicegerent to act for the King, and who was called a Count Palatine. This functionary held a very similar position to a modern viceroy. Most of the powers of the crown were vested in the Count to exercise at discretion over the area of his Palatinate.

The Palatine of Chester was a temporal lord, but the Palatine of Durham was a spiritual peer—he was the Bishop of the see—the distinguishing title he received was that of a Prince Bishop. As a suitably imposing residence for the Prince Bishop of the

HOLY ISLAND FISHERWOMEN.

Palatinate of Durham, the Conqueror founded Durham Castle. The See of Durham, therefore, from the early times of the Conquest gained a precedence of dignity over all other bishoprics.

But we must hasten on to the episcopate of William of St. Carileph (1081–1096), who, in 1083, gathered together at Durham the Benedictine monks previously located at Wearmouth and at Jarrow. Ten years later Carileph commenced the present lordly structure, one of the grandest specimens of the massive Norman architecture which can be found anywhere. By the time of Carileph's death only the choir had been completed. Four years elapsed before the appointment of another Bishop, but during

those four years the monks themselves worked at the transepts. The next Bishop, Ralph Flambard (1099-1128), completed the nave. In the year 1104 the body of St. Cuthbert was brought to its final resting-place and laid behind the altar. In quick succession subsequent prelates completed the adjuncts of the cathedral and the extensive monastic buildings which occupied the south side of the church.

With this hasty review of the history of the building we must pass on and say a few words upon each of the most noteworthy features of the structure. And first of all the north entrance door tells an interesting tale. The present door is a modern restoration, and some of the original features of the famous entrance have been obliterated. Towards this door many a poor wretch hastening to escape the hands of the avenger has sped his fearful steps in days gone by. Attached to the door still glares a fearful-looking metallic head holding a ring in its mouth. In its now eyeless sockets were once in all probability balls of crystal or enamel. When once the ring was grasped by the hand of the fugitive he was safe. He had claimed the "peace" of St. Cuthbert and the sanctity of the neighbouring shrine shielded him. Above the door by day and night watched relays of monks to admit those who claimed sanctuary. So soon as ever the fugitive had reached the door he was admitted. This done he had to confess the crime of which he was guilty, and his statement was taken down in writing. All the while a bell was tolling to give notice that some one had taken refuge in the church. Then the culprit was arrayed in a black gown with a yellow cross on his left shoulder, and remained within the precincts for thirty-seven days. If at the end of that time he could not obtain a pardon of the civil authorities, he was conveyed across the seas to commence his life again elsewhere.

THE SANCTUARY KNOCKER.

As we pass within we find ourselves in full sight of the imposing interior, which, including the Galilee Chapel, measures 461 feet in length. The uniform character of the architecture and its enormous solidity produces the feeling, so well expressed by

THE NAVE.

Dr. Johnson, of "rocky solidity and indeterminate duration." The whole extent of the cathedral can now be seen from the west end, but before the Reformation a series of screens divided the eastern or choir portion from the nave. The choir was then the church of the monks and the nave the church of the people. At that time in front of the choir screen stood the Jesus Altar, having painted above it on the screen carved figures descriptive of the Life and Passion of our Lord; above again were figures of the Apostles. This, of course, has been removed long since, and lately in its place has been erected a modern screen, which in no way impedes either sight or sound. The choir itself, apart from the beauty of its architecture, contains many objects of interest.

The most noticeable feature is the great screen behind the altar, called the Neville Screen, on account of its expense being in a large measure borne by Lord Neville of Raby. The screen was erected in 1380. The prior of the day employed at his own expense seven masons for nearly a year to fix the screen, the execution of which is supposed to have been the fruit of the labours of French artists. The screen originally was much more elaborate than at present, being covered with rich colour, and every niche filled with sculptured figures, but even now its present appearance is graceful. On the south side of the choir lies the body of Bishop Hatfield. The Bishop's effigy, fully vested, lies upon an altar tomb beneath a canopy, and above rises the episcopal throne which he himself designed. The throne is lofty and imposing, and ascended by a flight of stairs. At the back of the throne rich tabernacle work fills in the space of the choir arch.

Behind the altar is the great eastern transept, which goes by the name of the Nine Altars. The architecture here is in striking contrast to that of the choir and nave, being a magnificent specimen of early English architecture of the thirteenth century.

The most interesting feature of this part of the cathedral is the lofty platform which adjoins the back of the altar, and wherein lies the body of St. Cuthbert. The platform is approached from two doors on the side of the altar, and the much-worn pavement gives witness to the number of pilgrims who from time to time have visited the spot. At the dissolution of the monastery the visitors broke open the iron-bound chest in which the body of St. Cuthbert lay, and "found him lying whole, uncorrupt, with his face bare, and his beard as of a fortnight's growth, and all the vestments about him as he was accustomed to say Mass, and his met wand of gold lying by him." The relics were removed until "the King's pleasure should be known." And when at a later time the King's pleasure was apparently understood, the body was again buried in its former place. In the year 1827 the tomb was once more opened, and a skeleton was found wrapped in robes which had once been of great richness. A skull was also found which was supposed to be the

skull of King Oswald, which, according to tradition, had been placed in St. Cuthbert's coffin. The skeleton and the skull were re-enclosed in another coffin, and interred beneath the platform behind the altar.

There is, however, a tradition that the real body of St. Cuthbert was secretly conveyed away by the monks at some time and buried in a certain part of the cathedral, which is only known to three members of the Benedictine order, who, as each one dies, choose a successor. In allusion to this legend (for probably it has no real foundation) the lines of Scott may be quoted :—

THE BISHOP'S THRONE.

"There deep in Durham's Gothic shade
His relics are in secret laid,
But none may know the place ;
Save of his holiest servants three,
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,
Who share that wondrous grace."

The Galilee Chapel must not be omitted in a description of the church. It was designed for the sake and for the use of the women who wished to worship in the church. Its name of Galilee has probably some reference to Galilee of the Gentiles, and implies that it was considered less sacred than the rest of the cathedral. St. Cuthbert had a more than usual monkish fear of women, and they were not allowed to approach the shrine. A cross let into the pavement of the nave at the far west end curiously marks the far-removed spot nearer than which women might not approach. The prejudices of the good saint were thus perpetuated long after his death.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL AND CASTLE FROM THE RAILWAY STATION.

The whole effect is light and graceful, and if the women were not allowed to enter farther than the western extremity of the church, they certainly had a most beautiful place of worship. The most interesting monument here is the plain altar slab which marks the burial-place of the great Northumbrian scholar. On the tomb are engraved the well-known words, *Hac sunt in fossâ Bedæ Venerabilis ossa* (In this grave lie the bones of the Venerable Bede). According to the old legend the monk, who was casting about for a word to complete the scansion of his line between "Bedæ" and "ossa," left a space blank until he could in the morning return to his task with a mind refreshed. However, during the night an unknown hand added

THE GALILEE CHAPEL.

the metrically suitable "Venerabilis." This, according to the legend, is the origin of the peculiar prefix Venerable, always associated with the name of Bede.

We must not forget that Durham Cathedral was the church of a great monastic house until the Reformation. The whole fabric was cared for with infinite pains by the monks, and in some measure was actually built by them. Closely attached to the cathedral on its south side are the remains of the monastery, which show one what a large community once lived under the shadow of the church. The cloisters raise up many thoughts of the busy stream of life which in the days of the old order must have flowed through them. Here a door leads into a refectory, another into the church, another to the dormitory, another to the prior's lodgings, another

to the chapter house, another to the cemetery, where the brethren were laid down under the shadow of the minster. Still to-day we can stand in the splendid room with its rough oak beams, as rough almost as after their first felling, where all the monks slept. And here again is still intact the refectory where they ate their meals. Here, too, is the strong room where the rebellious monks were subdued by a paternal discipline. Still standing is the great octagonal kitchen which supplied the bodily needs of the community, and there the guest chamber where strangers were entertained. Ruthless Vandalism has spoiled of all its beauty the magnificent chapter house where the brethren conferred over their affairs and position. No one can look through these wonderfully complete remains without feeling that he has had a glimpse of that ideal of life which is not ours now, but which in its own time was so great a healing and preserving influence in a rough and violent world.

In the year 1836, on the death of Bishop Van Mildert, the founder of Durham University, the title of Count Palatine ceased. The Prince Bishops came to an end. A peaceful country needed no more the defence which the Bishopric had once afforded. But while some old, and now happily useless, associations of the historic see were then removed, its fame did not grow less in popular esteem. With no name will the bishopric be more associated than with that of the great scholar, ruler, saint, who has lately been taken away. Bishop Lightfoot summed up in himself the great qualities of his predecessors—their courage, their liberality, their firmness, their massiveness, their saintliness, their learning. He did not wield the traditional mace of the Count Palatine; but his word was weightier than a rod of iron. He was not a Prince Bishop, but he was a prince of bishops. Such men, so richly endowed as he was with wisdom and knowledge, are rare. With what could such a life be more fittingly linked than with the stirring associations of Durham?

DIGNITARIES.

BISHOP LIGHTFOOT.

JOSEPH BARBER LIGHTFOOT, D. D.

CHRISTIAN scholarship even yet laments the loss of him who last held this See, Joseph Barber Lightfoot. For many years, in various positions at Cambridge, he was a most efficient supporter of every effort to increase the usefulness of the university. As a scholar he sat upon the commission for revision of the English translation of the Bible, and was of great influence in determining its character. April 25, 1879, he was consecrated Bishop of Durham. With great thoroughness and success he devoted himself to every department of his unaccustomed work, neglecting no routine, and making the best of all existing resources, being quick to discern deficiencies and devise or adopt agencies for supplying them. Himself a bachelor, he turned his episcopal palace into a theological seminary and spent every penny of his diocesan income on the See. So contagious was his active enthusiasm, that rich men were afraid to go to his meetings, at one of which £30,000 was subscribed in the room. It has been said there seemed nothing he could not do in the best possible way; as scholar, teacher, speaker, author, and administrator, his work remains a model. As a great Biblical critic, and the leading patristic scholar of his time, the prevailing characteristics of all his writings show him to have had a calm, judicial temper of mind, and great sagacity in dealing with the materials out of which history has to be constructed. As one hardly in sympathy with his position said, "His editions and commentaries, as well as his critical dissertations, have an imperishable value, and even where it is impossible to agree with his results, his grounds are never to be neglected."

BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, D. D., D. C. L.

THE Right Rev. Brooke Foss Westcott, D. D., D. C. L., (born 1825,) who succeeded his friend, Dr. Lightfoot, in the Bishopric of Durham, May 1, 1890, has been active in all Church matters of his time. He was one of the company for the revision of the Authorized Version of the New Testament, the Greek text followed by the revisers being credited largely to his influence. He sat on the late Ecclesiastical Courts Commission and took a large share in drawing up the report. He is an ardent advocate of what is known as "Christian Socialism," and distinguished himself as the successful arbitrator of labour disputes in his Diocese. With his friend, Prof. F. J. A. Hort, in 1881, he issued a New Testament in Greek, the result of twenty-eight years' labour on the text. He has also written valuable commentaries on the writings of St. John, and scholarly introductions to the study of the New Testament. Since the publishing of his writings while Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, he has stood in the front rank of the distinguished scholars and theologians.

BISHOP WESTCOTT.

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL FROM HIGH STREET.

LINCOLN.

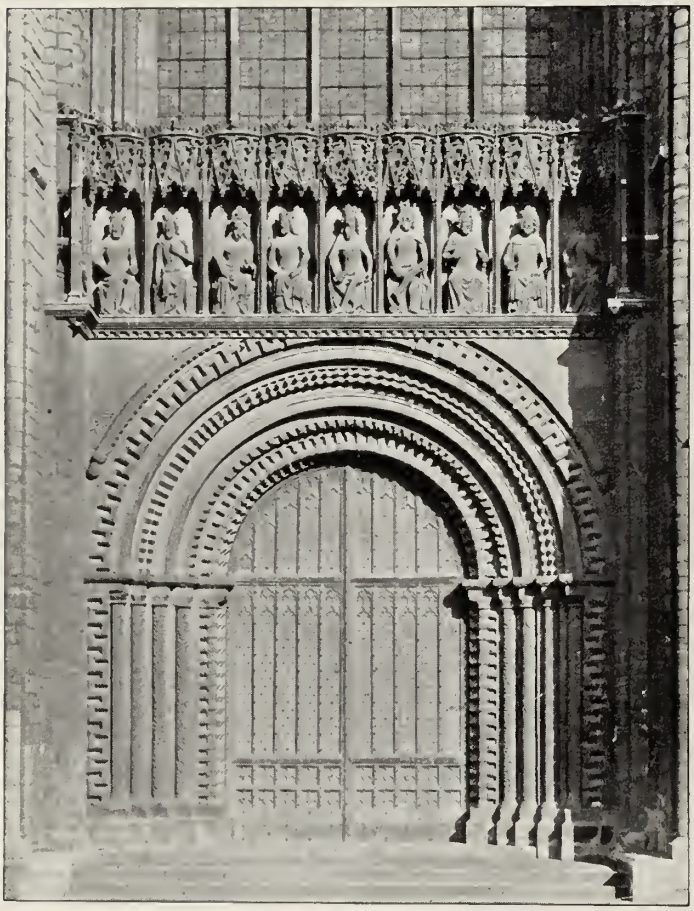
"BEAUTIFUL for situation, the joy of the whole earth. On the north side lieth the city of the Great King." These words of the Psalmist instinctively occur to the mind when one gazes up from below at Lincoln Minster, seated in queenly majesty on what Wordsworth so aptly styles her "sovereign hill," looking down in serene repose from her northern height on the din and turmoil of the busy streets and crowded factories which fill the valley below, or climb the steep hillside. Nor is the first impression lessened on closer approach. The nearer we get to it, the more minutely we examine it, the more fully shall we realise the exquisite grace, both of the building as a whole and of its separate parts, down to its minutest detail.

But beyond its architectural glories, beyond the memory of the great and good men who have presided over the see of which it is the centre, beyond the stirring events of which it has been the scene, that which makes Lincoln Minster a veritable piece of the history of our country, which gives it its highest dignity, is the fact that it is a house of God, a Christian church; for eight centuries the home and gathering-place of Christian souls, where they have met to hold communion with their God, that they might learn how to serve Him more truly and gain strength to do so. To this sacred character it owes its permanence. Castles and fortresses framed with even greater strength have passed away, or exist only in shattered ruins: the Cathedral of Lincoln and her fair sisters remain in all, or more than all, their pristine glory. As Dean Stanley has eloquently said of his own Abbey of Westminster, "Whatever our cathedrals have become of heroic, or historic, or artistic, they would have ceased to be if they had not been over all, and above all, places dedicated for ever to the worship of Almighty God." Such thoughts as these fitly rise in the mind as we make our way along the High street, crowded with market-folk and factory hands, and slowly climb the hill, justly called "The Steep," to the cathedral precincts.

On reaching the summit of the almost precipitous ascent, glad enough to be on level ground once more, we turn to the right, with the castle gate behind

us, and in front the massive western gatehouse of the Close, known as the Exchequer Gate from the Minster accounts having been kept there in old times, with the cathedral towers and the upper part of the west front soaring above it. Under the shelter of this archway we may do well to pause a few minutes, and, while we recover breath after our climb, take a brief review of the history of the building.

Begun about 1074, the church was ready for consecration in 1092. The 9th of May was fixed for the rite. King Rufus had summoned all the prelates and great lords of the realm to the ceremony, which was to be of the grandest. But it did not take place. Three days before the day fixed, the founder of the church breathed his last, to find a grave in the still unhallowed fane.



BISHOP ALEXANDER'S DOORWAY.

Where we stand we have before us the only visible remnant of this first cathedral, in the central portion of the western façade. It is characterised by the stern, almost savage, plainness of the Early Norman style. Three deep, cavernous recesses, their arches unrelieved by moulding or chamfer, break the flat, unadorned wall.

In 1141, the minster having lost its roof and been otherwise damaged by an accidental fire, such as were continually occurring in the flat timber-ceiled Norman churches, Alexander, nephew of Henry's mighty Chancellor, Roger, vaulted the whole church with stone, and repaired the injury "with such subtle artifice," writes the chronicler, "that it looked fairer than its first newness." As we have already said, the western doorways, of remarkable beauty and richness, the lower portions of the towers, and the side gables, bear witness to Alexander's munificence and the skill of his architect. The towers were originally capped with tall spires of timber, covered with lead. These were removed at the close of the fourteenth century—the precise date and the name of the builder are entirely unknown—when the lofty belfry storeys, which soar into the air above us with their tall coupled windows, were added.

Much as there is to see within and about the minster, we cannot yet leave the west front. It will be seen that Remigius's plain Norman walls are set in a kind of frame of richly arcaded work of Early English date. Though architecturally a mistake, for it does not honestly answer to anything behind it, and is little more than an ornamental screen-wall, no one can deny that the west front of Lincoln is a composition of singular grandeur of outline and beauty of detail.

The front is flanked by tall turrets crowned with spirelets. That to the south bears on its summit the mitred statue of St. Hugh, the holy bishop who may be truly called the second founder of the cathedral; on that to the north is seen the famous "Swineherd of Stow," a thirteenth-century Gurth blowing his horn to call his herd together. The story goes that he saved a peck of silver pennies in his life-time and bequeathed his hoard to the fabric of the minster, and that the Dean and Chapter set up his statue where all might see it and it might say to them, "Go and do thou likewise."

The open doors invite us to enter the cathedral, but we must deny ourselves the privilege a little longer, until we have walked round the building, and rapidly traced its architectural history. Turning the south corner of the front we have a view of the long line of the nave, with its lancet windows, sturdy buttresses below, and flying buttresses above, arcaded clerestory, and western chapels. Here recorded history fails us, but we know that this part of the cathedral must have been built between the death of St. Hugh in 1200, and the episcopate of Grosseteste, which began in 1235; and that the moving spirit was probably Grosseteste's predecessor and patron, another Bishop Hugh, known from his birthplace as Hugh of Wells, whose brother Jocelyn was at the same time engaged in rebuilding his own native cathedral.

The only certain date is given by a castastrophe, which architectural evidence assures us must have taken place after the nave and transepts had been fully completed. This was the collapse, in 1237, of the central tower, which had been recently built, but, as was often the case with these mid-towers, on pillars too slight to sustain the huge mass they had to bear. Grosseteste was just then beginning his vigorous episcopate, and one of his first acts was to put his own house—his Cathedral Chapter—in order. Much needed reforming there; but, as usually happens when the need is the most pressing, the subjects of the reformation resisted it most indignantly. They stood upon their rights; they even resorted to forgery to maintain them. "No bishop had ever visited them; no bishop ever should." In the full heat of this struggle one of the canons, having to preach in the nave, appealed to the people against his bishop. "Such," he cried, "are the deeds of this man that if we were to hold our peace the very stones would cry out." The words were hardly out of the preacher's mouth when down

came the tower, crushing two or three innocent people in its fall, but not injuring the chief offender, who did not fear to speak evil of dignities. Grosseteste, strong man as he was, disregarded the omen, prosecuted his visitation, purged the Chapter of the slothful luxurious men who were its disgrace, and manifested equal care for the material fabric.

His renowned episcopate, which shed lustre on the whole English Church, saw the commencement of the great central tower, which is the chief glory of the cathedral, and which may be styled one of the two or three most beautiful towers in Christendom. In his days were built the two lower storeys, the walls of which are encrusted with the diaper, seen also in the gable of the west front, and popularly known as Grosseteste's Mark. The cathedral had to wait till the end of the century for the lofty belfry stage, which is the crowning ornament of the central tower, as pure an example of the Decorated style as the lower part is of the Early English.

The transepts, or cross-aisles, are intermediate in date between the choir and the nave. Each of them, as at Westminster Abbey, has a circular or rose window in its front. These round windows—rather a rare feature in an English church—formed part of St. Hugh's original plan. The Metrical Chronicle tells us that they were meant to symbolise the two eyes of the church; that to the north, on which side lay the deanery, signifying the "Dean's Eye," watchfully open to guard against the snares of Lucifer, the Evil One, who, according to Isaiah xiv. 13, "sits in the sides of the north;" that to the south, overlooking the episcopal palace, the "Bishop's Eye," inviting the genial influences of the Holy Spirit.

Beyond the transepts we come upon the most interesting portion of the building, both architecturally and historically—the choir of St. Hugh. We cannot here narrate the career of this singularly "holy and humble man of heart," one of the most fearless champions of right before the fierce Plantagenet Kings, the constant friend of the poor, the outcast, and the oppressed, whose name so deservedly occupies a place in the Anglican Calendar on November 17th, the day when, in the last year of the twelfth century, he entered into rest.

In 1192 the foundation was laid for the choir, and before his death, in 1200, the choir and eastern transepts, and a portion of the western transept, were completed. As originally built, it ended like Westminster Abbey in a polygonal apse, with a six-sided lady-chapel behind. But all beyond the eastern transept was removed half a century after St. Hugh's death for the erection of the matchless "Angel Choir," built to form a fitting shrine for the remains of the sainted founder, to which they were "translated"—such is the recognised ecclesiastical term—in 1281, in the presence of Edward I., his much-loved Queen Eleanor, and their royal children, and a host of bishops and barons summoned from all parts to swell the pageant.

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL FROM THE NORTHWEST.

With the erection of this easternmost portion, in which English Gothic architecture reaches a perfection of beauty of form and delicacy of detail which has been rarely equalled and never surpassed, the fabric of the cathedral, with the exception of the towers and one or two small side chantry chapels, was brought to a conclusion. The whole work of re-edification, from the laying of the first stone of St. Hugh's church to the translation of his body, occupied something less than a century, no unduly long time for so great a work. In old times men built slowly, and they built solidly, and therefore their labour remains. It was no task work they did; they put their hearts into it.

THE IMP, IN THE ANGEL CHOIR.

Entering the cathedral by Bishop Alexander's richly sculptured and pillared Norman doorway, one of the grandest portals of its date in the kingdom, we have on each side of us one bay of Remigius's Norman cathedral, plain, stern, solid, lower and narrower than that which has supplanted it. Before us stretches the long arcaded vista of the vaulted nave, the work of the episcopate of Hugh of Wells, in the early part of the thirteenth century—a marvelous combination of dignity and grace, in which we hardly know whether to admire most the boldness of its construction or the elegance of its detail.

At the south-west corner of the south transept stands the two-storeyed Galilee Porch, built to provide a state entrance for the bishop, whose palace lies a short distance to the south. The two buildings, cathedral and palace, are separated by the city wall and the lofty earthworks, mound and ditch which formed the southern boundary of the Roman city of "Lindum Colonia." The bishop, therefore, had no direct access to his cathedral until Henry I. gave Bishop Bloet leave to pierce the city wall, provided it could be done without injury to the security of the citizens. The roundheaded archway then formed still stands firm and strong after the lapse of nearly eight centuries, but it has long since been blocked up, and is now half buried by the rise of the soil. Past it runs the favourite walk of the present bishop. There, among his snow-white pigeons and gorgeous peacocks, on a sunny terrace bordered with gay old-fashioned flowers, the tribute of the parsonage-gardens of the diocese, with the stately towers of the cathedral rising on one side and the busy town with its tall chimneys and huge factories filling the valley below, he finds what may be

called a typical position for a bishop's residence, "below the church and above the world."

The present bishop is the first since the Reformation who has lived where, as a rule, all bishops ought to live, in their cathedral city, and close to their cathedral church. The shameless robbery of the see by the greedy statesmen who exercised authority in the name of the boy-king, Edward VI., compelled the Bishops of Lincoln to seek a more modest home. So the palace was deserted—the palace which had been the episcopal residence since the beginning of the twelfth century; the home of St. Hugh and of Grosseteste; of Alnwick, the counsellor of Henry VI. in his royal foundation of Eton and King's College, Cambridge; of Smith, the founder of Brasenose College, Oxford, in which Henry VII. spent his first Easter after his accession to the throne, and "full like a Cristen prynce," with his own noble hands, "humbly and cristenly for Cryste's love," washed the feet of twenty-nine poor men in the Great Hall, and in which Henry VIII. and his fifth queen—the loose-living Katherine Howard, who, the next year, lost her head for acts, of some of which this palace was the scene—were received, on their way into Yorkshire, by Bishop Longland, the bitter persecutor of the early "Gospellers."

RUINS OF THE OLD PALACE.

Then came the Great Rebellion, when the palace was first turned into a prison, and then despoiled of its lead and even of its ironwork, windows, and wainscots, and all that would fetch money, and left to the slow but sure action of the elements as a useless ruin. In the dark days of the last century, when all reverence for ancient buildings had died out, and they were regarded as mere encumbrances of the ground, the palace was used as a stone quarry for the repairs of the cathedral, the chapel was pulled

down, its roofless hall was turned into an orchard, and each year saw the once grand pile sinking into more irreparable decay. But happily the palace never passed out of the possession of the see, and little by little it has recovered its ancient purpose. Bishop Jackson made it the residence of his secretary, and the place of his weekly interviews with his clergy; Bishop Wordsworth, though unable to carry out his much-cherished wish of making it his home, commenced the work of restoration in the repair of Bishop Alnwick's Tower, for the use of the students of the Chancellor's Theological School. The work has been completed by Bishop King, and Lincoln has once more welcomed its bishop as a permanent resident. The old episcopal chapel being hopelessly ruined, a new chapel has been cleverly constructed out of a portion of the domestic buildings, and additional rooms have been built, with long suites of bed-chambers for the reception of the clergy and of the candidates for Orders at the Ember seasons.

THE NEW EPISCOPAL CHAPEL.

But, though some account of this historic palace cannot be regarded as out of place, it is time that we should return to the cathedral. Beyond the transepts is the choir, the work of St. Hugh, at the close of the twelfth century, at which he sometimes wrought with his own hands, the earliest-dated example of pure Gothic in the country, without any trammeling admixture of earlier forms, simple and dignified. We enter it under a richly carved vaulted screen of the fourteenth century, originally resplendent with gilding and colour, on which now stands the organ, but which in earlier days supported the Great Rood or Crucifix with the images of the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. John on either side. The choir is furnished with a range of sixty-two stalls, with elbowed seats below, rising in three tiers on each side, and returned at the end. The Dean occupies the right-hand stall at the entrance;

the Precentor, the chief musical officer, that to the left; the Chancellor, the theologian and literary official of the Chapter, who in old times wrote the letters and arranged the preachings, and took care of the library, is seated in the last stall of the southern range to the east; the Treasurer was originally placed in a corresponding place on the north side. The reason of the dignitaries being so placed was that they might overlook every part of the choir and maintain order among the vicars and singing boys, not always so intent on their sacred functions as they should have been.

Each stall has a hinged turn-up wooden seat, with a projecting bracket on the under side, known in old times as *misericords* or *misereres*. This name they gained from being merciful provisions for the relief of wearied human nature, offering a partial support to the body during the protracted services of the earlier Church, without adopting the irreverent attitude—now, alas, too common—of sitting in prayer. Those who used them, however, had to beware lest drowsiness overtook them. If the body was thrown too far forward the seat lost its equilibrium, and the sleeper was in danger of being hurled down, to his own disgrace and the derision of others.

In St. Hugh's choir the example of the Cathedral of Canterbury—a plan derived from Clugny—was followed. It was provided with a second pair of transepts, each with two semicircular chapels on the east side. One of these, that of St. John the Baptist, by the cloister door, was by his own desire the original burial-place of St. Hugh, whose patron saint the Baptist was. The last directions to his architect on his death-bed were for the construction of the altar in this chapel and its consecration. "I shall not be present in body," he said, "but I shall be there in spirit." "Bury me there," he continued, "where I have so often loved to minister; but lay me by the side of the wall, where people will not be in danger of tripping over my tomb." He sought not to be a stumbling-block to his brethren in life, and he would be grieved to prove a stumbling-block to them when dead.

The humble and holy Hugh was not allowed to remain long in the lowly grave he had chosen for himself. Miraculous cures, according to the belief of the age, began to be worked at his tomb. He received canonisation from the Pope, and it was decreed that he must have another resting-place. So, as we have already said, the apse he had erected half a century before was pulled down, the cathedral was lengthened by five bays, and on its completion the saint's body was carried in stately procession to a shrine covered with plates of silver gilt, standing behind the high altar, in the middle of the "Angel Choir," that exquisite architectural work, the very crown and glory of the Decorated style.

At the Reformation, in common with all such "monuments of superstition," the shrine was destroyed by the command of Henry VIII., the gold and silver work sharing the fate of the before-mentioned ornaments of the church, and the bones of the saint were interred in a grave hard by. "His body is buried in

peace; but his name liveth for evermore." Near Hugh's last resting-place rises the lofty canopied monument of one whose name will go down to posterity as one of the greatest prelates of the Church of England, great alike in learning, piety, and dauntless courage, the late bishop of the see, Christopher Wordsworth. His mitred effigy reposes upon a richly carved altar-tomb.

BISHOP WORDSWORTH'S MONUMENT.

Much that Lincoln Minster contains of historical interest and architectural beauty must be passed over in this brief sketch; but we cannot omit to mention one of its most instructive memorials, the shrine of little St. Hugh, in the south choir aisle. From the very earliest ages of Christianity down to our own times the horrible charge—always, we are persuaded, groundless—has been brought against the Jews of torturing and murdering Christian children in mockery of our blessed Lord's suffering, and has been made the ground of cruel persecution. "Anti-Semitism," which has developed so fiercely in late years, especially in Russia, is no new thing; but, however contrary to the true spirit of Christianity, it is, sad to say, almost coeval with the establishment of its power as the dominant religion. In all countries the same hideous tales have been repeated and believed. In our own land the so-called martyrdoms of St. William of Norwich, St. Harold

at Gloucester, St. Robert at Edmundsbury, and others, culminating in the most famous of them all, that which has taken a wide place in our ballad literature, and which Chaucer has immortalised—

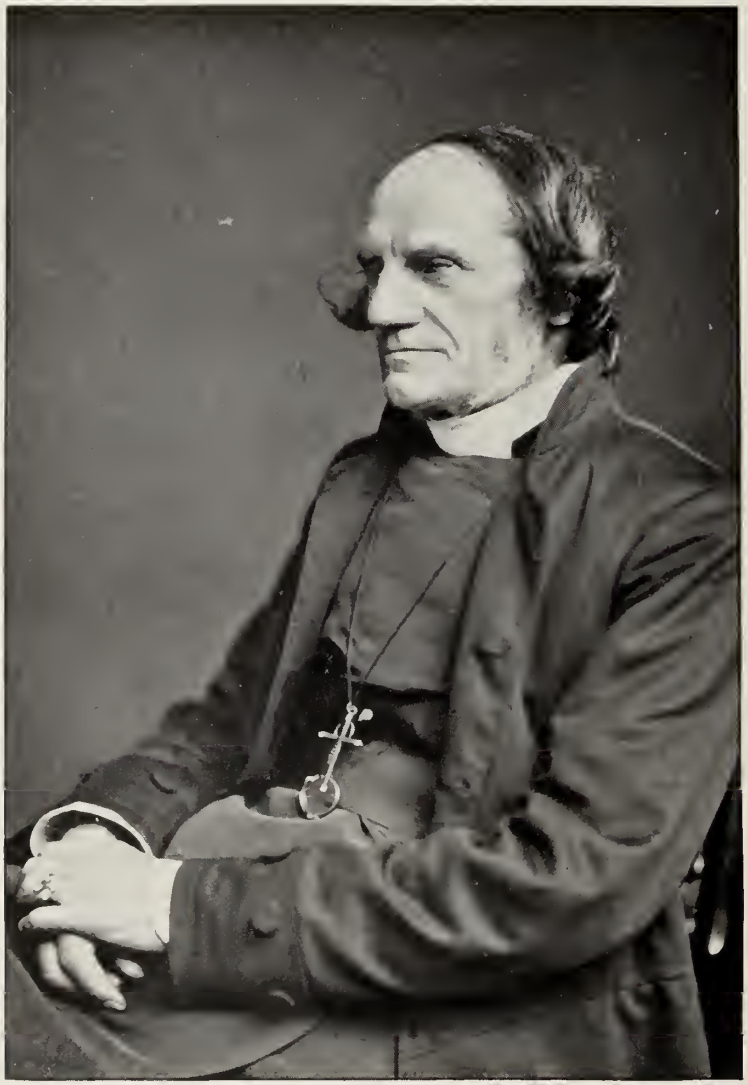
> "Young Hew of Lincolne slaine also
> With cursed Jewes, as it is notable,
> For it nis but a litel while ago"—

bear witness to the same credulous acceptance of unfounded accusations against members of a hated race, whom it was very convenient to get rid of. The Jews, it will be remembered, were the great money-lenders—indeed, the only money-lenders—of the Middle Ages, and to get your creditor hanged and his account-books burnt was a rough-and-ready way to discharge one's liabilities.

Whatever may be thought of the charge, the supposed murder of little St. Hugh, a boy of Lincoln, and the consequent execution of a large number of Jews and the confiscation of their property, as accessories to the crime, in 1255, are historical events which cannot be questioned. The Dean and Chapter begged the body of the little child, and gave it the honour of a richly carved shrine and an altar in the minster, beneath which the tiny skeleton still reposes. His martyrdom holds its place in the Roman Catholic calendar. Five-and-thirty years after this Lincoln persecution, the Jews, as a body, were expelled from the realm, their property was confiscated, and any Jew found in England after All Saints' Day, 1290, incurred the penalty of death by hanging. How powerfully do such events bring to our minds the old word of prophecy!—"The Lord shall scatter thee among all peoples . . . and among those nations thou shalt have no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot find any rest . . and thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life." "What is your strongest argument in support of Christianity?" scoffingly asked Frederick the Great of one of his chaplains. "The Jews, sire," was the unanswerable reply.

One is tempted to linger within the beautiful ten-sided Chapter-house, with its vaulted roof spreading from a central pillar, to dwell on the great historical memories of Edwardian Parliaments, to conjure up the scene of the trial of the much maligned, but altogether guiltless, Knights Templar, or that of the "Pilgrimage of Grace," so vividly described by Froude; but, though much has been left unsaid, we must bring our walk to an end, hoping that what we have told may induce many to visit Lincoln for themselves.

DIGNITARIES.



BISHOP WORDSWORTH.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D. D.

THE venerated Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, last Bishop of Lincoln, nephew of the poet (born 1807, died 1885), was a very great scholar of the older type, becoming uncommon in this day of natural science. A classical scholar first, he will probably be longest remembered for his commentary on the Bible, the Greek Testament appearing between 1856–60, and the Old Testament in English, with notes and introductions, between 1864–70. In this he takes a very conservative position, and draws his comment mainly from the ancient fathers and the great English divines. He played a prominent part in controversial theology, was a leader of the old-fashioned High Church party, and was equally out of sympathy with Romanism and Dissent. In 1869 he became Bishop of Lincoln, and laboured earnestly for the best interests of his Diocese. His idea of episcopal duty was high, but it has been said that he lacked the breadth of view and of sympathy necessary to make him a great administrator. Still the singleness of his aims and his real nobility of character commanded the respect of all men. He died at Lincoln, March 20, 1885, only a few weeks after resigning the See.

EDWARD KING, D. D.

EDWARD KING, D. D. (born 1829), the present saintly Bishop of Lincoln, came of a family which, by inheritance, was imbued with the responsibility and priestly significance of the clergy. Among his clerical relations were his father, Archdeacon of Rochester, and his grandfather, Bishop of Rochester. He is himself a celibate. He was from 1863–73 Principal of Cuddesden College, where, at the same time being Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, and Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology, he exercised a wide influence throughout the university, and, no doubt, aided largely in bringing about the reaction from extreme secularism. In 1885 he was consecrated Bishop of Lincoln. He is probably the most advanced Ritualist upon the Episcopal Bench. He is, however, a loyal son of the Church, and after his celebrated trial for non-conformity to the rubric in some features of his service, abstained without hesitation from those condemned by the Archbishop.

Furthermore, the position taken by him that a Bishop should not be subject to the jurisdiction of an Archbishop, but to the authority of his comprovincial Bishops, is sufficient evidence that he is opposed to the ideas of Romanism. His gentle, earnest face, his kind and noble character, and his past actions are enough to assure those who differ with him as to Church doctrine, that his influence upon the ritualists will be for tolerance and loyalty to Anglicanism.

BISHOP KING.

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

WINCHESTER.

THE DEANERY.

IN the fair valley of the Itchen, where the downs on either hand draw near together, has stood from prehistoric days a little town which grew to be Winchester, one of the most important capital cities of England. The first authentic records of it are those which have been dug out of the soil, not written in books. There is a doubt whether the Saxon cathedral was on the site of the present building, or a little to the northward of it; at any rate, whatever Saxon work there may be in it has been completely incorporated, and we shall not go far wrong if we consider that the existing church was begun by Bishop Walkelyn in 1079. The magnificence of Norman skill and piety may still be understood by any one who will make careful study of the two transepts, which remain almost as Walkelyn left them in 1093. From them we may picture the glory of the long and lofty nave, its massive piers, broad, deep triforium, and dignified clerestory. The original tower, however, was not destined to stand long. Soon after William Rufus was buried under it, in 1100, whether from faulty construction, or uncertain foundations in the wet ground, or from being weakened by excavating too near the piers; or whether, as the resentfully pious held, from the cankering wickedness of the Red King's bones—from whatever cause—in 1107 the tower fell in with a mighty crash over the monarch's tomb. Walkelyn had,

however, left funds to the church, and a new tower was carried out with massive firmness.

There is but little in the church of Decorated or Middle-Pointed style; four bays of the choir, unrivaled in grace and richness of mouldings, and the tracery of one or two windows, are all that Winchester can show of the most beautiful and exuberant period of English architecture.

Satiated with the rich ornamentation and variety of the period, men, in the latter half of the fourteenth century, turned towards a harder and a simpler manner of building, a severe architectural Puritanism. They trusted for effect to height and repetition, even to monotony, and to the upward pointing of reiterated vertical lines. Winchester Cathedral was the first to feel the influence of this change of taste. First, Bishop William of Edyndon, then the more famous William of Wykeham, attacked and "reformed" the massive and noble Norman work. Edyndon began at the west end, altering the façade completely, and converting to modern style two bays on the north and one on the south. The huge west window, which forms the main feature of the façade, has been mercilessly criticised and condemned by Mr. Ruskin in his "Stones of Venice" (vol. i., chap. xvii.), who first draws a caricature of the window, and then condemns his own creation.

The work thus set in hand by Edyndon was carried through by William of Wykeham, who, through his colleges, has imposed the unimaginative Perpendicular style on England. He did not pull down the ancient Norman nave, but encased the columns with the poor mouldings of this later Gothic. Bishop Fox built up the east end of the choir, placing on the central pinnacle a life-like statue of himself. To him also is due, in its striking height and exquisite elaboration of detailed canopy work, the great reredos, which is repeated, with less happy effect of proportion, at St. Albans.

Just before, and in his day, Priors Hunton and Silkstede pushed out the Lady Chapel some twenty-six feet in the later Perpendicular manner. This additional bay of the Lady Chapel, with its stiff ornament and half-obliterated frescoes, made this church the longest cathedral in England.

With the death of Bishop Fox in 1528, the structural changes in the fabric came almost to an end. Later additions or alterations were but small; such as the closing of the fine Norman lantern of the tower with a wooden groining, erected under the eyes of Charles I., as we see by the bosses and ornaments; there is the royal monogram in many forms, and royal badges, and the initials of the King and Queen, C. M. R. (Carolus, Maria, R.), and a large circular medallion displaying in profile the royal pair themselves; in the centre is an inscription giving us the date of this work, 1634. The library, a lean-to along the end of the south transept, was built to hold Bishop Morley's books after his death in 1684; and the porch at the west end was restored in the present century.

THE GREAT SCREEN.

Within the walls the most striking object of interest is undoubtedly the famous Norman font of black basaltic stone, which was probably placed in the church in the days of Walkelyn; it portrays in bold if rude relief the life and miracles of St. Nicolas of Myra. Next after the font may perhaps be noted the fine carved spandrels, fourteenth-century work, of the choir-stalls, with the quaint misereres of the seats; then Prior Silkstede's richly carved pulpit of the fifteenth century, and the very interesting and valuable Renaissance panels of the pews, put in by William Kingsmill, last prior and first dean, in 1540.

CHANTRIES IN THE SOUTH AISLE OF THE CHOIR.

The chantries and tombs in this church are of unusual beauty and interest. Three founders of colleges at Oxford lie buried here: Wykeham, of New College and St. Mary's Winton; Wayneflete, of Magdalen College; and Fox, of Corpus Christi College. William of Wykeham lies buried in the nave, between two of the great piers; the altar in his chantry has been removed, as have also the statues; otherwise his alabaster effigy and the stonework of the canopies remain uninjured; and the great bishop's serene countenance, with the three characteristic little Benedictines at his feet, has been handed down to us in life-like truthfulness. In the retro-choir, on the north side, is William of Wayneflete's splendid chantry; and by the side of what was the high altar, until he himself removed it, is the tomb of Bishop Fox, a very elaborate example of Late Perpendicular work. No effigy of the bishop is here; he built the tomb himself, and perhaps thought it enough to be seen on the pinnacle outside or in the great east window; there is a richly ornamented altar and reredos, and behind it a little chamber, still called his study, because in his old age, when blind, the good bishop was daily led thither to sit and

rest and pray. On the outside of this chantry, and of that of Bishop Gardiner over against it, are placed two ghastly *memento mori* figures, such as are not unusual on the monuments of foreign prelates, evidences of that morbid feeling about death which pervaded the period just before the Reformation, and made men depict on so many walls these emblems of corruption or the corresponding and still more ghastly-humourous dances of Death.

In no English church, except Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, lie so many men of name. For just as the features of the cathedral represent all the successive phases and changes of the art of building, until it has been styled a "School of

THE CLOSE GATEWAY.

English Architecture," so it may be said to be the home and centre of our early history. Long is the roll of kings and statesmen who came hither, and whose bones here lie at rest. Cynegils and Cenwalh, West-Saxon kings, founders of the church, are here; Egbert was buried here in 838; Ethelwulf also, and Edward the Elder, and Edred. The body of Alfred the Great lay awhile in the church, then was transferred to the new minster he had built, and finally rested at Hyde Abbey. And most splendid name of all, the great Cnut was buried here; as was also his son Harthacnut, as bad and mean as his father was great. The roll of kings was closed when Red William's blood-dripping corpse came jolting hither in the country cart from the New Forest. Here also lie Emma, Lady of the English, whom her mean son, Edward the

Confessor, treated so ill; and Richard, the Conqueror's second son, and one of the greatest of Englishmen, Earl Godwin, and his nephew, Duke Beorn. Of churchmen there is also good store. Besides the prelates mentioned above, St. Birinus and St. Swithun, and Archbishop Stigand, and Æthelwold, parent of the Benedictine priory, Walkelyn, the master-builder, and the saintly Giffard, lie here; also Henry of Blois, King Stephen's brother, first founder of the Hospital of St. Cross; Peter des Roches also, guardian of the realm in the youth of Henry III.; and Edyndon, builder of the western front, and in later days Peter Mews, and Morley, and Hoadley, with many another of lesser fame. There are but few men of letters here: in a chapel in the south transept Izaak Walton is buried; and in the north aisle of the nave lies the well-known novelist, Miss Austen. Near the west end of the church is Flaxman's striking monument to Joseph Warton, the critic, and head of Winchester College. There is hard by another specimen of Flaxman's work in a graceful group on the monument to Mrs. North, the bishop's wife. Bishop North himself kneels in effigy (one of Chantrey's masterpieces) at the other end of the church, against the east wall of the Lady Chapel. And finally, in the south transept stands Scott's elaborate memorial to the late Bishop Wilberforce, ill-placed among the surroundings of the massive Norman work.

RUINS OF THE CLOISTERS.

In this great church many stirring scenes of English history have been enacted. The early kings made Winchester their home and the cathedral their chapel. Here it was that Egbert, after being crowned *in regem totius Brittaniæ*, with assent of all parties, issued an edict in 828 ordering that the island should thereafter be always styled England, and its people Englishmen. Here King Alfred was crowned and lived

and died. Here in 1035 Cnut's body lay in state before the high altar, over which was hung thenceforth for many a year, most precious of relics, the great Norseman's crown. Here William the Conqueror often came, and wore his crown at the Easter Gemôt; here, too, clustered many of the national legends: St. Swithun here did his mighty works, and here were the forty dismal days of rain; hard by is the scene of the great fight between Colbrand the Dane and Guy of Warwick; in the nave of the church Queen Emma trod triumphant on the red-hot ploughshares as on a bed of roses; hither came Earl Godwin's body after his marvelous and terrible death, one of the well-known group of malignant Norman tales. It was in Winchester Cathedral that Henry Beauclerk took to wife his queen, Matilda, to the great joy of all English-speaking folk. Here Stephen of Blois was crowned King; and here, on the other hand, the Empress Maud was welcomed by city and people with high rejoicings; here, too, was drawn up and issued the final compact, in 1153, which closed the civil war of that weary reign, and secured the crown to the young Prince Henry. He in his turn often sojourned in Winchester, and befriended, in his strong way, the growing city. The cathedral witnessed another compact in the dark days of King John: the King was here reconciled to the English Church in the person of Stephen Langton; Henry III. and his queen, Eleanor, were here in 1242; and on May-day of that year "came the Queen into the chapter-house to receive society." In 1275 Edward I., with his queen, were welcomed with great honour by the prior and brethren of St. Swithun, and attended service in the church. The christening of Arthur, Prince of Wales, elder brother of Henry VIII., was here; and here Henry VIII. met his astute rival, the Emperor Charles V. It was in Winchester Cathedral that the marriage of Philip and Mary took place, and the chair in which she sat is still to be seen in the church. The Stuart kings loved the place. Here in the great rebellion was enacted that strange scene when, after the capture of the city, the mob rushed into the cathedral, wild for booty and mischief, and finding in the chests nothing but bones, amused themselves by throwing them at the stained windows of the choir. It was at this time that Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes, a Parliamentary officer and an old Wykehamist, stood with drawn sword at the door of Wykeham's chantry, to protect it from violence. Since the days of the Merry Monarch, who was often at Winchester, and loved it so well that he built his palace here, no striking historical events have been enacted within its walls. The church by degrees recovered from the ruin of the Commonwealth time, and has had a quiet, happy life from that time onward, a tranquil gray building, sleeping amidst its trees, in the heart of the most charming of all South English cities.

DIGNITARIES.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, D. D.

HOW can one possibly compress within a few lines of print the varied career of the many-sided, energetic, eloquent Samuel of Oxford, a great pulpit and parliamentary orator, a great bishop, a wit, a scholar, and a man of the world. His friend, Dean Burgon, well calls him "the remodeler of the Episcopate." Son of the celebrated William Wilberforce, he early reached distinction, and became Bishop of Oxford in 1845. In that position he was for twenty-four years the most prominent figure in the English Church. The popular notion of a bishop's office before his time was connected, above all things, with the ideas of dignified leisure and serene isolation. On the contrary, since his appointment to the See of Oxford, it has been identified with nothing so much as incessant labour, ubiquitous exertion, and the utmost publicity. He left upon the whole English Episcopate the abiding impress of his own earnest spirit and extraordinary genius. One secret of his success was his power of sympathy. He was large-hearted, liberal, and generous to a fault in his treatment of his clergy; prepared to throw himself, heart and soul, into any project which seemed capable of being successfully worked, and which had good for its object. In 1869 he was translated to the See of Winchester, and July 19, 1873, was suddenly killed by a fall from his horse.

ANTHONY WILSON THOROLD, D. D.

THE present, and ninety-eighth Bishop, the Right Rev. Anthony Wilson Thorold, D. D., (born June 13, 1825,) comes of old Saxon stock. He was rector of London parishes some thirteen years, then Canon of York, and an examining chaplain to the Archbishop, and in 1877 Bishop of Rochester. In 1891 he was translated to Winchester. His face might be thought sombre, but it brightens with fire and feeling. His style in writing is apt and strong, and he is the author of several very popular devotional works, "The Presence of Christ" and "The Gospel of Christ," having run through several editions.

The great responsibility he felt in the management of the enormous Diocese of South London was as much as his health could stand, and the hopelessness of the task is evidenced by his review on a report in the "Record" on the spiritual condition of the masses in that neighbourhood. He ends by saying: "To you I bequeath (in my heart it is hidden, heavy, sorrowful, abasing, stinging with its fire), one sentence of this report which we can not forget, because it is so terrible, which we must not destroy, because it is so true—'Christianity is not in possession in South London.'" He made frequent trips across the United States.

BISHOP THOROLD.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

SALISBURY.

THE last time that Pugin was in Salisbury he stood at the window of a house overlooking the cathedral and exclaimed, "Well, I have traveled all over Europe in search of architecture, but I have seen nothing like this." There is ample justification for such a verdict. The structure itself is vast; the clear space around is probably without a parallel; the spire is exceptional both for its elegance and its height; the colour is determined by the same lichen that has grown through the same generations over the entire mass, and in those gray walls rising out of the greensward, the impression undoubtedly is conveyed that there are points in which Salisbury Cathedral stands without a rival in the world.

There is one characteristic about its architecture which it shares with St. Paul's Cathedral alone amongst English cathedrals—that it was built all at one period. It is therefore no museum of English architecture, as so many similar churches are, in which we can study the movements of the art in their several periods. It is from end to end the monument of one single epoch, the first half of the thirteenth century—it was begun in the year 1220—built, as seems probable, not altogether apart from French influence, yet in its severity, its reserve, its stern disdain of ornament, thoroughly English in its spirit, being indeed the completest survival in this country of what has been often thought the best and purest period of English art.

The lofty spire, upon which the repute of Salisbury Cathedral is popularly rested, seems to have been no part of the original design. The lantern was at first completed a little above the roof of the nave. The piers and foundations below were never intended to carry so vast a weight; and it was not probably till a generation or two had elapsed that some unknown architect, with the daring of a true artist in exhausting the capability of his material, planned the tower and spire, which have since been recognized as amongst the chief glories of the pile.

This cathedral is peculiarly rich in the survival of consecration crosses, which in mediæval days were carved or painted on the walls of a church. They are to be seen both outside and inside the building. Those on the inside were twelve in number, three on each wall, to the north, south, east, and west. It seems probable,

but not perhaps quite certain, that the number of external crosses was the same. The whole ritual of the consecration is extremely curious, and is described by Durandus, a French bishop who was nearly contemporary with the building of Salisbury Cathedral. The deacon was shut up alone in the church, and his business was to light twelve lamps before the twelve crosses painted on the walls. Meantime the bishop, clergy, and people outside thrice made the circuit of the building, the bishop sprinkling the walls with water which he had previously blessed. On their entering the church, a cross in ashes and sand was made upon the pavement, and upon the cross the entire alphabet was written in Greek and Latin characters.

THE CLOISTER GARTH.

The bishop then made the tour of the interior and anointed the twelve painted crosses with the sacred chrism.

The artistic effect of the inierior is not at all equal to that of the exterior of the church; and the question arises as to what is the particular respect in which its builders failed? why is it that they who were so great and strong outside have become so feeble and so poor within? It is perhaps open to doubt whether it is the originators who failed at all. Here are at all events many of the same fine qualities within that won our admiration without. Here, as on the exterior, there are size, elegance, symmetry, just proportions, modesty of treatment, and many other

such attributes. Yet, judged by its own high standard, it fails. The late Poet-Laureate is understood to have framed the criticism that it is deficient in mystery. This result is no doubt in a great measure due to colour, or more strictly speaking to the absence of right colour. Outside the building Nature has done the exquisite colouring with her mantle of lichen; internally the present colour-effect is due to successive generations of men, of whom some have misunderstood and some have even derided the power of colour. As the cathedral has been seen for the last hundred years, and probably for much longer, the whole effect is too light. Until the restoration of the past ten years, when its marble shafts have once again begun to gleam with their dark polish, and the vaulting of the roof has been robed in modern polychrome, the dominant effect was universally, as indeed it still is in part, that produced by a kind of buff wash. But it may be doubted whether we have any idea of the splendour of this interior as its originators meant it to look. Then, no doubt every pillar in the structure, being of marble, helped by its dark rich burnish to remove that pale monotony which we have found so painful; then, arch and wall and groining were from end to end aflame with vermilion in arabesque and saint and angel; then, every window—and the wall of this cathedral is nearly all windows—must have flashed its jewels on the floor. It must have been a magnificent interior then. The giant-artists of the exterior were not so feeble directly they got within the porch.

The colour-system of the cathedral has been terribly misunderstood—the modern arabesques, for example, are painted upon a white ground; the old ones may still be seen to have been painted upon a deep colouring, making a vast difference in the solemnity of the aggregate effect—but the system, whatever it was, was not confined to the inside, but reaches even to the exterior of the church. On the west portal there is an example of what is very rare in this climate—colour on the exterior of a building. Within living memory that door was known as the "Blue Door." The "restoration" by Wyatt in the last century removed much of the colour, and the recent work has removed still more; but some slight traces of the blue may still be discerned. The same is true of the arcading in the cloisters, where there is still sufficient evidence before the seeing eye for the presumption that their wall-spaces were once covered with cartoons in colour.

One difficulty always strikes the eye of the intelligent spectator about the inside of Salisbury Cathedral. There seems to be no kind of an elevation where the high altar could have been placed. The floor seems perfectly flat. The difficulty is removed by a reference to some of the French churches. The altar probably stood not as we see it—at the end of everything—but on a dais of its own, covered probably with a gorgeous canopy, rich in sculpture and metal-work, with its superb corona, as we actually know, suspended before it, and girt with every circumstance

of splendour. The ritual of Sarum demanded that it should stand free of any wall; and its probable position was at the intersection of the lesser transept with the choir, where the decoration overhead of all three arms of the fabric, in front of it, leads up to the figure of Our Lord in Majesty.

The internal arrangement of Salisbury may serve to correct a popular mistake whereby an expression about "the old monks" is so often hazarded in connection with any and every cathedral. There were no monks at Salisbury; and the choir stalls all placed east of the transept may serve to remind us of it. The law is correctly laid down by the eminent French writer Viollet-le-Duc, that non-monastic

THE CLOISTERS.

churches had their choir-stalls east of the transept, while monastic churches had theirs to the west, in the nave, or across the transept. The arrangement at Westminster compared with that of Salisbury is an example of this.

A very singular feature in the internal structure is the plinth, carried all round the church, upon which the great shafts of the arcade rest. Most probably it was intended for a seat; and in the early days it was perhaps the only sitting accommodation provided in the nave. The sermons of those days, preached in the nave, were certainly not less lengthy than those of our own time; but the bulk of the hearers must either have stood or have rested the arms and chin upon the crutch-shaped leaning-staff (reclinatorium), which was the precursor of the more comfortable arrangements of modern times.

THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST.

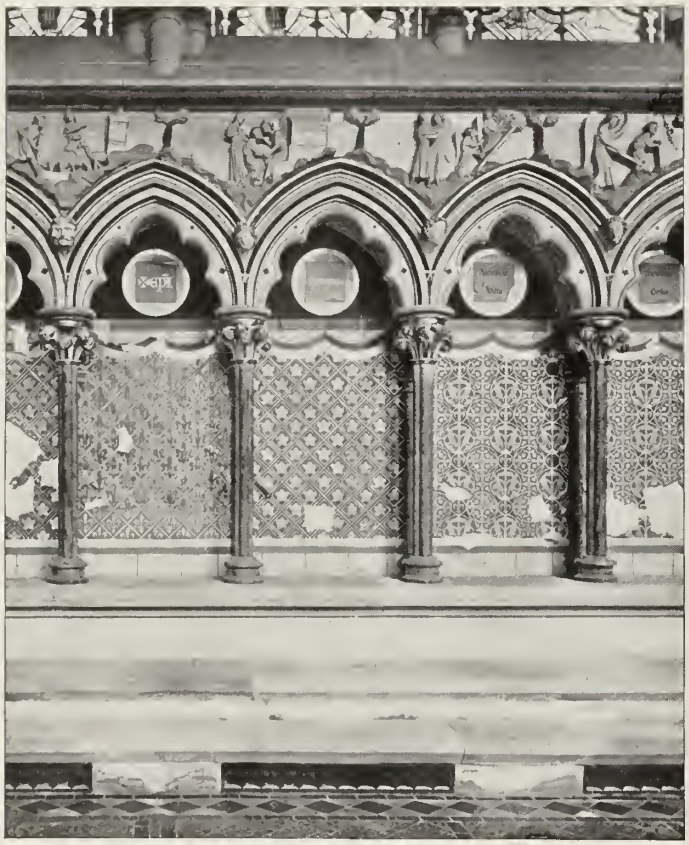
From an artistic point of view there are two or three tombs of exceptional interest at Salisbury. First, there is the thirteenth-century tomb of Bishop Bridport, which has been seriously mutilated by the iconoclastic zeal of the past, but which is still perfect enough to exhibit to us the British architect of that day, in his efforts to throw off the grim severity of treatment which marks the earliest beginnings of the cathedral. This monument has been copied for the Crystal Palace. The tomb with recumbent effigy of Longspee, Earl of Salisbury, is valuable as a specimen of monumental art partly in wood. Originally it was ablaze with colour, which can still be traced in some profusion. Indeed, the whole series of tombs, which in the last century were arranged down the nave, serves to show that for

THE CHAPTER-HOUSE.

many generations the old English artists coloured everything. Here it may still be seen that they painted even their alabaster.

Amongst the curiosities of monumental art are two recumbent figures represented as skeletons. Until the recent restoration, only one of these tombs was exposed to view, and it was popularly believed to be the monument of one who had reduced himself to a state of emaciation by excessive fasting. This view received a severe shock when the removal of the old fittings of the choir disclosed a second tomb of a similar character. Such monuments exist, moreover, in other churches; and they belong in fact to a period when it was the fashion to represent the mortality of man in this ghastly form.

Another curiosity is found in the recumbent figure of the so-called "Boy-Bishop." It was the custom of the mediæval Church for a few days after the children's festival of St. Nicholas, in December, to allow a parody of ecclesiastical pomp on the part of the children, one of the number being actually invested with the mock dignity of the bishop. The story went that one such boy died during his term of office, and that this was his tomb. In this case likewise the popular story has been exploded by comparative science. Similar monuments in miniature are found elsewhere; and two explanations of them are possible. Either there was a fashion at one period of constructing monuments of diminutive size, as there was at other periods of aiming at colossal size; or, what is more probable, the small stone was made to cover the relics of some eminent person when only little of them could be recovered. What if, in the present instance, the eminent person was no less a figure than St. Osmund himself—the nephew of William the Conqueror, the founder of the see, and in his use of Sarum, the father of the worship of the whole English Church? His relics—what little had survived of them—were certainly collected at the time of his canonisation in 1457, when there was a great festival at Salisbury, and when no fewer than forty thousand persons came to pass in front of his shrine. There is no trace of any cover for so eminent a treasure either recorded or surviving in Salisbury Cathedral unless it be this unexplained stone.



"Jacob wrestling with the Angel."
SEDALIA IN THE CHAPTER-HOUSE.

CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

THE CHOIR, CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

MOSAICS.

CHESTER.

THE present Cathedral of Chester was not the earliest episcopal church of the diocese which now bears this name. If we turn to the periods which immediately preceded and followed the Norman Conquest, we find Chester, Lichfield, and Coventry co-ordinated as sister cathedral cities, the bishop's title being taken indifferently from any one of them. This is the reason why three mitres appear in the arms of the See of Chester.

The kingdom of Mercia was then one vast diocese, which extended far over the north-west of England, including even part of Wales, and reaching to the edge of the territory of the Bishops of Durham. It is the more important to name this historical fact, because then the Chester Cathedral of this unwieldy diocese was the fine Norman Church of St. John the Baptist, where a great calamity, in the fall of a magnificent tower, has recently deprived the city of Chester of one of its most dignified and characteristic features.

The history of this diocese has been, to a most remarkable degree, a history of successive subdivisions. The first important change of this kind was the creation by King Henry VIII. of a separate See of Chester, the abbey church of the great Benedictine house of St. Werburgh being assigned as the cathedral church to the new diocese, which was made part of the Northern Province. This new diocese, however,

though separated off from Shropshire, Staffordshire, and Derbyshire, was still enormous; for besides Cheshire it included the whole of Lancashire and Westmoreland, with parts of Denbighshire, Flintshire, and parts of Cumberland and Yorkshire. Recent changes, indeed, of the most imperative and advantageous kind have been made. It was over this vast area, however, that even Bishop Blomfield was the ecclesiastical ruler; and it must be remembered that we are thinking here not merely of a large extent of country, but of a population rapidly growing and full of energy. The first of the recent subdivisions was the result of the creation of the See of Ripon in 1836, the second resulted from that of the See of Manchester in 1847, the

CHESTER CATHEDRAL—NORTH SIDE.

third from that of the See of Liverpool in 1880. Now the diocese is simply coincident with the county of Chester, which has a proud and well-defined history of its own.

If we begin now with the church of the time of King Henry I., its Norman architecture is not, indeed, at first sight very obtrusive; yet, when closely examined, it is quite sufficient to lead us to some important conclusions, and these conclusions have been largely aided by discoveries made during the work of recent restoration. The Norman arches on the exterior of the northern wall of the nave, and the unfinished Norman tower (destined now for a baptistery, for which the preparations are already in progress), show that the length of the nave during the time of the early Plantag-

enet kings was the same as at present. The size and the form of the small north transept remain as they were at this period. It has been ascertained that the piers of the choir were then, in their massive rotundity, like the piers of St. John's Church. The lines of curvature of the apsidal terminations on the east have been discovered, and special mention must be made of the recently disinterred and restored Norman crypt, which is on the west side of the cloister, and is now one of the best surviving specimens of Norman architecture in this part of England.

The reign of King Edward I. may be taken as our next historical landmark for architectural description. Before his visit to Chester the Lady Chapel was built

CHESTER CATHEDRAL—WEST END.

on the east of the choir, and the architects whom he aided were probably engaged upon the choir and its aisles at the time when he was here. As to the former portion of the cathedral buildings, great ingenuity was shown by Sir Gilbert Scott in discovering the correct form of the buttresses, whereby he was enabled at this place to effect a forcible and truthful restoration. As regards the latter, the attention of all who walk on that part of the city wall, which is on the east of the cathedral, must be arrested by a singular cone at the eastern extremity of the south aisle of the choir. This also is a recovery of the past, and it is the result of a shrewd observation of facts by Mr. Frater, who was clerk of the works from 1868 to 1876. The evidence on which the rebuilding of this cone is justified was quite certain. There seems no

doubt that it was the result of some fancy of a monk or architect from Normandy; and at Norrey, near Caen, may be seen a structural peculiarity of exactly the same kind. In each of these instances the obliteration of ancient features, the happy recovery of which has now been found possible, was chiefly due to the prolongation of the aisles of the choir in a late period of bad architecture. The south aisle is now arrested at its original point. The change observed in the vaulting of the north aisle tells its own story.

To the Early Pointed style succeeded in due order that which is termed the Decorated; and good specimens are found of each of its subdivisions in the geometrical tracery of some windows and the flowing tracery of others. The former are in the south aisle and in the clerestory of the choir, the latter in the south aisle of the nave and in the east aisle of the south transept. The general impression, however, produced on the eye by these two conspicuous parts of the cathedral is that of the commanding presence of the latest or Perpendicular style of Gothic architecture. This arises from the large clerestory windows of that date. Those of the nave belong probably to the reign of Henry VII. Those of the transept are earlier in date and better in form. It ought to be added that the great central tower and the exquisite woodwork of the choir belong to the earliest and best part of the Perpendicular period. The upper portion of the north transept, recently restored, is of the same general date.

The great south transept is so remarkable, both historically and architecturally, that it deserves, and indeed requires, a separate mention. In size it is as large as the choir and nearly as large as the nave. This circumstance constitutes it the most singular feature of Chester Cathedral; and it attracts attention the more because of its contrast with the diminutive size of the north transept. This anomaly, if we may so call it, probably arose in this way, that the Benedictine monks, unable to extend their church to the north, because the conventual buildings were there, pushed it forward to the south, so as to absorb the parish church of St. Oswald. In the end the parishioners recoiled successfully upon the monks, and obtained permission to hold their services within the abbey church on the old ground. The mouldings of the late doorway inserted in one of the windows on the south of the transept combine with other evidence to attest this fact. The parochial rights within the cathedral continued till the close of 1880, and thus St. Oswald's name is still connected with this part of it; and it is to be hoped that this association with the good missionary King of Northumbria will never be lost.

DIGNITARIES.

BISHOP JAYNE.

FRANCIS JOHN JAYNE, D. D.

FRANCIS JOHN JAYNE, D. D., the present Bishop of Chester, was born January 1, 1845. He received his early education at Rugby School, after leaving which he went to Wadham College, Oxford, there taking a double first class in 1868, becoming the same year a Fellow of Jesus College. He was ordained Priest in 1870, and for one year after that time was Curate of St. Clement's, Oxford. He later became Tutor of Keble College, remaining there until 1879. In 1879 he was appointed Principal of Lampeter College, and by his unusual ability greatly increased its efficiency. In 1886 Dr. Gott, having been appointed Dean of Worcester Cathedral, Bishop Jayne was appointed in his place to the important Vicarage of Leeds thus left vacant. In 1889 he was consecrated Bishop of Chester.

Although Chester is one of the minor cathedrals, it is made more prominent because of Bishop Jayne's extended influence, and because it is generally the first cathedral visited by the thousands of American tourists in England.

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